

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA



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## COL. GRIERSON.

TILL very lately our military men have been content to leave all the dashing cavalry raids in the hands of Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee and other daring rebels. We have now, however, changed all that, and the recent daring expeditions of Stoneman, Davis, Sir Percy Wyndham, Kilpatrick, and, to crown all, that of Col. Grierson's, completely throw those of the Confederates into the shade. We have in the present number the gratification of publishing a most lifelike portrait of the hero of this gallant achievement, copied from the only photograph in the city, and forwarded by a correspondent in New Orleans.

Col. Benjamin H. Grierson is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Pittsburgh, in the month of July, 1827. At a very early age he removed to Trumbull county, Ohio, in which State he resided for nearly 15 years, and then moved to Jacksonville, Ill., where he resided when the present war broke out. He was in the produce business, and, to use his own words, "was also a musician, being able to play on any instrument from a Jewsharp to a hand organ." Shortly after hostilities commenced he left for Cairo to join a company that had been raised in his town; but on arrival there he went on duty as Aid to General Prentiss. When the 6th Illinois cavalry was organized he was elected Major of that regiment, but remained on detached service as Aid to Gen. Prentiss, with whom he served with distinction. On the 28th of March, 1862, when Col. Cavanaugh resigned, Major Grierson was unanimously elected by the officers to fill his place, and in December, 1862, he was ordered to command the 1st brigade of cavalry, consisting of the 6th and 7th

Illinois and 2d Iowa regiments. Col. Grierson, with his command, has been engaged in all the cavalry skirmishes and raids of West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, and in every affair has been successful. His officers and men worship him almost, and are ready to follow wherever he will lead.

Col. Grierson has won for himself the admiration of the whole country, and if ever honors were justly won they have been by

himself and the officers and men of his command.

## The Expedition.

Our space will only allow us to very briefly describe this most remarkable armed gallop of the age, in which Col. Grierson rode over 800 miles through the heart of Mississippi, had numerous fights, killed and wounded many of the enemy, took several hundreds of prisoners, whom he paroled, destroyed millions of property in bridges, cars, stations, ammunition, etc., cut several telegraphs, and all with the small loss of one man killed and six wounded. The force consisted of the 5th Illinois cavalry,

Lieut.-Col. Loomis; the 7th Illinois cavalry, Col. Ed. Prince, and six pieces of artillery, two-pound calibre. They had a clever way of cutting the telegraph wires so as to avoid discovery. Instead of cutting up the wire and letting the ends hang loosely, they tied up the ends with strips of leather, so that it would not be easily seen, and yet the connection was severed.

Far into the interior they were mistaken for rebel cavalry, and complimented upon the fineness of their outfit. On more than one occasion they profited by their ignorance.

They had nothing for their guide except a map and a compass. Starting from La Grange, Miss., first struck Marshall county in Mississippi, and

then in succession through the following counties: Tippah, Pontotoc, Chickasaw, Oktibbeha, Winston, Noxuba, Neshoba, Newton, Jasper, Smith, Simpson, Copiah, Lawrence, Pike and Amite, and Helena and East Baton Rouge in Louisiana. At several points the enemy tried to catch or surround them, but in vain. 1,300 cavalry were sent after them from Mobile, 1,000 came south of Port Hudson, and 2,000 came from the vicinity of Greenwood and Granada, to cut off their retreat to La Grange. They all fell to the rear, supposing Col. Grierson would return.

In the course of the march most of the route lay through a dense swamp, frequently to the horses' bellies in water. At one point it was so deep the horses swam over, and some got drowned, with a narrow escape for their riders. They then, pushed on to Philadelphia, Neshoba county, where there is a bridge over the Pearl River, which the rebels undertook to destroy, but they precipitately fled as our forces approached.

A brigade under Col. Blackburn and Major Graham was sent to strike the railroad at Decatur, Newton county. Here they captured a train of 13 cars, which was just about starting, loaded with quartermasters' and commissary stores, including ammunition and bombshells in large quantities. They had scarcely secured this train and got it on the side track when another train of 25 cars, loaded with railroad ties, came into the depot, which was also secured. Wood was piled up around the engines and tenders, set fire to, and by that means the boiler burst; the torch was applied to the train of cars containing the ammunition and about 3,000 shells. When these were fired the main column was four or five miles off, and the noise of their explosion led them to suppose the rebels had opened on the advance column. They hurried on, and soon found out their mistake. Major Barr moved his battalion east, and destroyed three bridges and a lot of trestle work, extending over two miles, the track torn up, rails broken and burned, and telegraph destroyed for five miles.

Near Gallatin, 1,400 pounds of powder, two wagons, 26 yoke of oxen and a 32-pound Parrott gun were captured. The gun was spiked.

At Union Church 42 miles from Natchez and 30 from Port Gibson, a skirmish occurred with Adams's Alabama Cavalry in which several of the enemy were wounded, the



COL. BENJAMIN H. GRIERSON, COMMANDER OF THE FAMOUS EXPEDITION THROUGH MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA.—FROM LA GRANGE, MISS., TO BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, MAY, 1863.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. JACOB, OF NEW ORLEANS.



rest retreating to Fort Gibson. At Brookhaven Camp of Instruction, four companies, under command of Major Starr, took two captains, one lieutenant, one surgeon and 19 privates, prisoners. They also captured a lot of Mississippi rifles, muskets, 2 teams, \$5,000 worth of commissary stores, and \$25,000 worth of army clothing.

At the crossing of Pearl River, Col. Prince captured a courier with instructions to destroy all bridges, etc., which fortunate circumstance added somewhat to the safety of the command.

At Hazelhurst, Col. Prince, of the 7th Illinois, captured a train of about 40 cars, several of which were loaded with shell and ammunition. Another train, which had just arrived, escaped by the backing out of the train by the engineer before he could be captured.

About four miles east of Gallatin a battalion was detached to strike the New Orleans and Jackson railroad at Bahala station, where water tanks, cars and other property were destroyed.

At Wall's station, on the Tucklaw, a regiment of rebel cavalry was discovered, who were routed with several killed and wounded. Our loss was one killed and five wounded; among them was Lieut.-Colonel Blackburn, of the 7th Illinois. He was shot in the thigh, and slightly in the head. He was left, with several of the wounded, at a house, with the injunction that, if not kindly treated, when our boys returned they would take their revenge.

At Summit a large amount of Government sugar, wood and locomotives, etc., were destroyed. The camp of Hughes's and Milburn's Partisan Rangers, on Big Sandy Creek, was attacked and destroyed, and a large number of horses captured. From here they moved on to the Greenville Spring road toward Baton Rouge.

When they reached Baton Rouge, after a 16 days' ride with only one whole night's rest, and badly supplied with food, only 12 men were turned over to the surgeon. Many of the men suffered from swelling of the legs and erysipelas, from sitting so long in the saddle, but it was only temporary.

#### Barnum's American Museum.

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### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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#### Summary of the Week.

This week has passed without any very important movements in the east, while in the west the rapid and successful advance of Gen. Grant has achieved the long desired conquest of Vicksburg.

#### VIRGINIA.

**ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.**—The prisoners sent for exchange to City Point are treated with great brutality by the rebels. Those taken at Chancellorsville were forced to march all the way without regard to their condition. A soldier of the 119th Penn. was bayoneted when unable from sheer exhaustion to go further, and one belonging to the 20th New York died of fatigue.

Some skirmishing continues in Western Virginia. A small squad of United States cavalry was captured at Charlestown, Va., on the 15th, but retaken on the 16th by a party of Milroy's horse, who captured also 20 rebel prisoners. Another party of Gen. Milroy's cavalry had a skirmish on the 19th, six miles from Winchester, killing six rebels and capturing seven.

#### DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

On May 15 a severe fight took place at Holland's House, near Hebron Church, in the vicinity of Suffolk, in which the rebels were three times repulsed by the 7th Massachusetts battery, the 6th Massachusetts, 112th and 170th New York, and 10th New Jersey, commanded by Acting-Brigadier-Gen. Foster. On the 18th a party of the 1st New York Mounted Rifles fell into a rebel ambush on the Providence Church road, and were all killed, wounded or taken. On the 19th, by an unfortunate accident, the 11th Rhode Island and 152d New York, mistaking each other for rebels, fired, causing severe loss.

The forces which occupy West Point are harassing the enemy by expeditions, sweeping off and destroying grain and cattle intended for the rebel army. They also, by their arrival, stopped the building of an iron-clad gunboat.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 25th of May the rebels captured two United States dispatch steamers, the Arrow and Emily, thus cutting off communication by the Albemarle and Chesapeake canal, and stopping inside communication with the North. The Arrow was captured by guerillas at Great Bridge, and the Emily coming to meet her was easily taken.

#### DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Col. Jacob, in his fight at Horseshoe Bottom Narrows on the Cumberland, lost 39 men and three officers; the rebels lost, however, Chenault, one of their commanders, with several other officers, and 98 men killed and three taken.

The rebels are reported to be gathering in numbers on the Cumberland, which will soon be fordable.

#### ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The important events of the week are the series of actions by Grant's army, of which we still lack full details. On the 12th, Gen. Grant overtook Gen. Gregg at Raymond, and after a stubborn fight defeated him, Gregg retreating with the loss of 700. Having been joined by re-enforcements under Gen. Walker, Gregg made a stand the next day at Mississippi Springs, but Grant again defeated him. On the 14th, in a still warmer engagement, he utterly defeated Gregg, who lost 400 men and 17 cannon, and fled through Jackson, firing it is said, the capitol and many depots, storehouses and dwellings.

On the 16th he met Gen. Pemberton and the whole garrison of Vicksburg, at Baker's Creek, and defeated him, driving him back towards Vicksburg, with a loss of 29 pieces of artillery and 4,000 men, and cutting him off from all hope of relief. Pressing rapidly on, Grant, on the 17th, overtook Pemberton at Big Black River Bridge, and again defeated him, with a loss of 2,600 men and 17 guns. Pemberton then retreated into the city, which Grant invested, and at the last account had taken Haines's Bluff and the outer works of Vicksburg, if not the city itself.

#### ARKANSAS.

Rebel papers assert that Marmaduke defeated a Federal force at Crowley's Ridge, near Francis River, Arkansas.

#### LOUISIANA.

The last news from Gen. Banks's army contains an account of a base murder committed by guerillas. Capt. Howard Dwight, aide to Brig.-Gen. Dwight, was shot by guerillas near Opelousas, although, being unarmed, he had surrendered to them.

#### THE INVALID CORPS.

An order of the War Department, dated April 28, 1863, organizes the Invalid Corps, to consist of officers and enlisted men of commands now in the field, who, from wounds received in action, or disease contracted in the line of duty, are unfit for field service, but still capable of effective garrison duty.

#### THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

We are to have a new sensation at Winter Garden this week, in the shape of an old opera, one that the grandfathers of our modern German friends used to delight in, one that recalls knee-breeches, high-heeled shoes, powdered hair and bag-wigs. When one thinks of the operatic music of the period at which "Orfeo" was written, the picture presented to the mind is of passionless classical allegories, wedded to music at once soulless and square cut; abounding with elaborate but unmeaning cadenzas and passages, and barbarized by the conventional trills which disfigured every bar of the composition, more or less. Genteel frivolity, languid inanity and bald platitudes were the distinguishing characteristics of the fashionable operas, formed upon the Italian model, of that period. Gluck, however, was an innovator and reformer, and dared to travel out of the beaten track the first wayfarer on the path which led to the present development of the operatic school.

Gluck, surnamed Christopher, was a native of the Upper Palatinate, on the borders of Bohemia. He was born in 1714 or 1715, of very poor parents. His father died while Christopher was very young, but fortunately for him his musical genius attracted the patronage of an Austrian nobleman, who sent him to Italy and placed him as a student under the celebrated Martini of Milan. His first opera, "Artesse," was produced at Milan in 1741, and was so successful that he was solicited to write operas not only for the leading Italian theatres, but for the opera house in London. He composed many operas between the date of his first work and the production of his "Orfeo," in which he first asserted his new theories of musical dramatic composition. We have disintegrated, for the benefit of our readers, Gluck's own statement of the reasons which induced him to make an effort to arrest the vicious popular taste which was heaping ridicule upon the art which he so worshipped:

"When I undertook," says the composer, "to set to music the operas of 'Orfeo' and 'Alceste,' I proposed to myself to avoid the abuses which the mistaken vanity of singers and the excessive complaisance of composers had introduced, and which, from the most splendid and beautiful of all public exhibitions, had reduced the opera to the most tiresome and ridiculous. I wished to confine music to its true province, that of accompanying poetry by strengthening the expression of the sentiments and the interest of the situations without interrupting the action, and weakening it by superfluous ornament. I thought that music ought to give that aid to poetry which the liveliness of coloring and the happy combination of light and shade afford to a correct and well-designed picture, animating the figures without injuring their contour. I have, therefore, carefully avoided interrupting the singer in the warmth of dialogue, in order to wait for a tedious ritornel, or stopping him in the midst of a speech, in order to display the agility of his voice in a long passage.

"I have not thought it right to pass over the second of the air when it is the most impassioned and important part of it, in order regularly to repeat the words four times, or to finish where the sense is not complete, in order to give the singer the opportunity of showing that he can vary a passage in several ways, according to his own fancy.

"I have considered that the overture should make the audience aware of the character and the subject of the piece: that the instrumental accompaniment should be regulated by the interest of the drama, and

ought not to leave a void in the dialogue between the recitative and the air; that it should not break into the sense and connection of a period, nor interrupt the warmth and energy of the action.

"It was also my opinion that the chief care of a dramatic composer should be to aim at simplicity. I have accordingly avoided making a parade of difficulties at the expense of perspicuity; and I have attached no value to the discovery of novelty, unless it arose naturally from the situation of the character and the expression of the poetry; nor in there any rule of composition which I have not been willing to sacrifice to the production of good effect."

In these remarks Gluck ably exposes the vicious faults of the prevailing style of music, and it argues the possession of rare genius and of fearless determination that he was able to depose and overthrow it. "Orfeo" was produced at Vienna in 1764. Its success was at first doubtful, but it grew in favor with each representation, and soon became the rage all over the Continent and also in England. The part of Orfeo was originally written for the celebrated tenor Guadagni, who made himself more famous by his performance of it in Germany, Italy and England. It was adapted to a contralto voice for Madame Viardot Garcia, whose success was so great that she played it nearly 200 nights. Signorina Vestvali then assumed it, and played it over 120 nights—a double success which must be characterized as extraordinary. All our readers who are within walking or riding distance should make it a point to hear this beautiful opera, for we believe that it will give us all a new and delightful musical sensation. To see Felicitia Vestvali in her peerless amplitude of form is a privilege which would repay a very long and tiresome journey.

The inimitable Gottschalk has taken his farewell of New York for the present. His several concerts have been brilliantly attended. The complimentary concert tendered to Mr. Harrison, the deservedly popular proprietor of Irving Hall, was a most flattering success. The compliment was a well-earned one, for Mr. Harrison has proved himself the only man capable of managing a music hall. His liberality and enterprise go hand in hand together, and his intelligent endeavors in the cause of music have already achieved great good, and promise in the future a rich harvest of benefits to the musical art.

The reputation of Mr. Goldbeck's concert, at the Academy of Music, attracted a brilliant audience; his compositions were warmly received. Mr. Bergmann's fine concert at Irving Hall, on Saturday evening, was also a perfect success. Mr. Maas, a pianist well known in fashionable circles, gave a soirée at Dodworth's Hall last week which attracted the elite of our society.

The reproduction of that abominable piece of namburyism, hackneyed sentimentality and doubtful morality, "The Stranger," at Wallack's, has attracted several very large audiences. The fine acting in this theatre covers a multitude of literary misdeeds, and makes even "The Stranger" a thing to be endured. This week, Sheridan Knowles's celebrated play, "The Wife," will be produced with a splendid cast and new scenery, dresses and appointments.

The last week of Miss Bateman's engagement has arrived, to the unequalled regret of the public in general and herself in particular. The drama of "Leah" attracted overflowing audiences up to the very last night, but was withdrawn to enable Miss Bateman to appear in some of her most famous roles. This is done at the request of the public, and we anticipate that Miss Bateman will receive a perfect ovation on each night. The rush for seats is unparalleled, and only those who go early will stand a chance of getting a sight of the stage. Mr. Collins, the Irish actor, succeeds Miss Bateman at Winter Garden, next week.

Mrs. Jane English has changed her performances at Laura Keane's Theatre so as to hit the popular taste, and is beginning to reap the reward of her enterprise. The entertainments are now of the most varied and amusing character, and attract the admiration and the laughter of the large audiences which begin to flow into this popular establishment.

Barnum has secured Tom Thumb and his wife for two or three weeks, and they will hold their levees at the Museum both day and evening. Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren will be there also, and the four will be attraction sufficient to crowd the Museum, even if there were not a million of other curiosities within its walls.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The Christian Alliance Institution held a meeting at the City Assembly rooms on the evening of the 17th May, to provide means for the amelioration, moral and physical, of street children. Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson made an eloquent appeal in its behalf.

On the 17th May the Emerald Isle and Hemisphere, both from Liverpool, arrived in New York with 1,226 emigrants, principally Irish. The high rates of wages here are having a prodigious effect upon the poor English and Irish.

The 50th anniversary of the Orphan Asylum of New York was celebrated on the 19th May, at the institution, Bloomingdale. Mr. and Mrs. Peil are the superintendents. It is in a very satisfactory condition. The expenditure last year was about \$18,000.

A convention of butchers was held in New York on the 19th May, having for its object the abolition of those middlemen who rob both gracier and butcher by their speculations in cattle.

A deeply interesting ceremony was performed on the 20th May, in the churchyard of Trinity Church, on the occasion of the restoration of the tombstone and inscription over the remains of William Bradford, the father of printing in this country, who printed the first Bible and Book of Common Prayer, established the first newspaper in the city, the New York Gazette, and who was interred there in 1782. Bradford was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1682, and emigrated with Penn in 1682.

A large peace Democratic meeting was held in Union Square, New York, on the 18th May. Very violent speeches were made, and resolutions denunciatory of the arrest of Vallandigham were passed. All the prominent Democrats were absent, sending letters of excuse.

Gov. Seymour has appointed S. V. Garvin, Assistant District Attorney, to conduct the investigation into the charges against the Police Commissioners. As the Legislature is not now in session, Gov. Seymour has power to remove them and place others in their stead.

30,000 tons of coal were sold at the Merchants' Exchange, on the 20th May, at an average of \$6 per ton.

The Washington Republican says that the subscriptions to the 5-20 loan exceed \$100,000,000.

The annual election of the Mercantile Library, which caused so much excitement in certain circles, took place on the 19th May, terminating at a late hour of the evening. The result is as follows: President, Charles H. Swords; Vice-President, Thad. V. Taber; Corresponding Secretary, Theo. J. Husted; Recording Secretary, Samuel W. Harned; Treasurer, Theo. H. Vulte; Directors, Thomas T. Hazard; Edwin P. Wood, S. S. Gulon, H. A. Clark, J. W. Edwards, A. J. Decker, R. W. Irwin.

Mr. Hodge, of Honduras, has been in conference with the Government for some time, in regard to the colonization of the freed blacks to that country. The President and some of the members of the Cabinet, who have favored the scheme of colonization, are understood to have changed their views, and are now favoring the idea of using them in both the military and naval service, to aid in suppressing the rebellion. Mr. Hodge returns without accomplishing anything.

The Marshal of the District of Columbia has seized the real and personal estate of Capt. J. N. Maflit, rebel commander.

According to the City Inspector's report, there were 491 deaths in the city during the past week—an

increase of 60 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and 122 more than occurred during the corresponding week last year. The recapitulation table gives 5 deaths of alcoholism, 1 of diseases of the bowels, joints, &c., 101 of the brain and nerves, 6 of the generative organs, 16 of the heart and blood vessels, 168 of the lungs, throat, &c., 4 of old age, 27 of diseases of the skin and eruptive fevers, 4 premature births, 80 of diseases of the stomach, bowels and other digestive organs, 41 of uncertain cause, and general fevers, and 33 from violent causes. There were 300 natives of the United States, 9 of England, 124 of Ireland, 4 of Scotland, 41 of Germany, and the balance of various foreign countries.

Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from 30 to 33 of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest Electoral or Saxony wool grown. Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior. Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and best. Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch. With this test, every farmer has in his possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgment of the quality of all kinds of wool.

Look out for the counterfeit 50 cent postal notes, a good many of which are in circulation. The genuine note has three small curved lines below the words "or designated" and "U. S. Depositary." In the counterfeit there are but two. The counterfeit also have the word "Postoffice" printed as one word. In the genuine, "Post Office" is in two distinct words.

**Western.**—An immense Democratic meeting was held on the 20th May, in Indianapolis, Ind. The President and his Cabinet were bitterly denounced; 50 arrests were made of persons who shouted for Jeff Davis.

The London Times has directed attention to a movement in the Western States which may be worthy of attention. It appears that a delegation of prominent men is trying to obtain the aid of the British Government, or of capitalists, to open a new ship canal to connect the Western lakes with the St. Lawrence, so that wheat and corn can be shipped in vessels of sufficient size from Chicago to Liverpool. This would lower the prices of these articles here, and raise it still more in the Western markets.

The farmers near Grass Lake, Michigan, are raising excellent tobacco. The yield in some instances has been 2,000 pounds per acre. It has sold at 14 to 15 cents per pound. Manufacturers are giving aid to farmers to encourage the cultivation of the weed.

A letter from Monticello, Ky., speaking of the manner in which the people received our troops in their recent advance on that place, says: "One old lady, a mile beyond this place, said, as she saw our columns rushing on after the rebels, 'When I see that old flag comin', I jist throwed my old bonnet on the ground and stomped it!'"

**Southern.**—The first rebel Congress went out of existence at Richmond at 10 o'clock on the night of the 1st inst. The most important measures passed during the session were a Taxation act, for the support of the Government, the army and the navy; a currency act, to promote the funding of Confederate notes in Confederate bonds; the Impressment act, to authorize the seizure of all produce for army use; an act to organize a general staff for the army; the formation of a new flag, and the adoption of a new seal. The bill making it a penal offence to buy, sell or circulate United States bonds and Treasury notes, or "greenbacks," was rejected in the Senate, on the ground that the Constitution did not authorize Congress to provide any punishment for the crime which the House bill created. The acts providing for the election of members of Congress by general ticket, to authorize the conscription of resident foreigners, and for the repeal of all naturalization laws, were also rejected. The joint resolutions offering terms of peace to the Northwestern loyal States were defeated in both houses.

Mr. John Reed Lambton was brought before the Provost-Marshal of Baltimore charged with uttering rebel sentiments. He wouldn't go South to his friends, he wouldn't take the oath of allegiance, so he was taken to prison to repent.

The Memphis-Grenada-Jackson Appeal, a rebel journal, has been very unlucky in its wanderings. When Memphis surrendered it went to Grenada; when Grenada surrendered it went to Jackson, and now Jackson has been occupied by Gen. Grant and its espital burnt.

A subscription has already commenced in the South to raise funds for a monument to Gen. Stonewall Jackson. The site will be Richmond, if not sooner captured, and the proposed cost \$50,000.

In consequence of Col. Grierson's recent gallop through Mississippi, Gov. Pettus has issued a most warlike and reproachful address to the Mississippians, urging upon them to wipe out the disgrace.

The Richmond papers, especially the Enquirer, dwell upon the necessity of raising more cavalry. The recent raids of Stoneman and Grierson seem to have struck terror into them.

The Richmond papers publish among their killed and wounded, Lieut. Gen. Jackson, dead; Brig.-Gen. Thomas, killed; Gen. A. P. Hill, wounded; Brig.-Gen. Paxton, killed; Brig.-Gen. McGowan, wounded; Brig.-Gen. Heth, wounded; Brig.-Gen. Nichols, wounded, leg amputated; Brig.-Gen. Hoke, wounded. Every Staff Officer of A. P. Hill was either killed, wounded or captured. Half of Jackson's Staff shared the same fate.

Lieut.-Col. A. C. Hills, editor of the New Orleans daily Era, has been placed under arrest for admitting into the columns of that paper an article reflecting upon the official character of the commanding General. Mr. T. G. Tracey, his assistant, was sent out of the department, and also the author of the seditious communication, Mr. J. E. Noyes.

Gen. G. E. Pickett has been appointed the successor of the rebel Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

Gen. Buckner, who was captured at Fort Donelson, has been appointed to the command of Knoxville, Tenn.

England is realizing the fate of the man who tried to sit on both stools—she has come to the ground. The Atlanta Intelligencer of Georgia says: "Presuming now that the North is the stronger in the war being waged upon the South, Lord Russell talks of England's 'friendship' for it. Let a change come o'er the split of his dream, and he would talk of 'friendship' for the South just as glibly! Away with all such 'friendship!' False-hearted, hollow-hearted England, the time will come when your friendship will not be needed at the South. True to the South your friendship is due; but such a debt England never paid. While for a long series of years the North has been its meanest rival and its bitterest reviler, the South poured wealth into her lap, and would have sustained her industry. We know her now, and thank God that we do! Let her friendship be bestowed upon the Puritan North, we want none of it!"

The Chaplain of the 12th Maine regiment speaks of grass growing in the middle of the streets of New Orleans, and says it reminds him of the faithful prophecies of certain Southern leaders, uttered two years ago or more, concerning such Northern villages as New York and Boston.

**Military.**—Gen. Milo S. Hasall has been removed from his command in Indiana. It will be remembered that he lately wrote a threatening letter to James Brooks of the Express.

Gen. Burnside has ordered that the families of all those who are in arms against the United States shall remain within the rebel lines.

The New York Times says: "The credit of first reaching the enemy's guns belongs to the Light Brigade; the skirmishers of the 5th Wisconsin Regiment, Col. Allen, being the first to scale the famous



stone wall, ascend the hill and enter the rebel works. Lieut. Bowen, commanding the left section of the first company of the Washington artillery, surrendered in person to Col. Allen. The colors of the 6th Maine were the first to be planted on the enemy's works. Other and just as brave regiments were there, but the 5th Wisconsin's skirmishers were there first. There were 23 killed and 76 wounded, out of 225 men in their skirmish line, and Col. Allen and Major Wheeler led the line."

—On the 13th of May there were 7,250 prisoners of war in Richmond; 5,956 were taken in the recent Hooker's assault.

—Gen. McClellan and Fitzjohn Porter received the New York 17th Regiment of Volunteers, on the 20th of May, on their return to this city. Gen. McClellan was enthusiastically received by the troops.

—The Excelsior Brigade has subscribed \$1,764 towards relieving the distress in Ireland. It is as charitable as brave.

—At the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, Col. Fairchild, who commanded the 89th Regiment New York Volunteers, was acting Brig.-Gen. Major Jardine, of the 9th New York Volunteers, was consequently appointed to command the 59th. He performed this duty with so much *éclat* and success, that the officers have presented him with a massive gold medal, with a most complimentary inscription.

—Our cavalry force is to be largely increased, some say to the number of 100,000.

—On the 19th of May a sad accident befel two of our regiments at Deserted House, eight miles beyond Suffolk. Two byroads branch off the South Quay Road, and upon each one regiment was advancing. These were the 11th Rhode Island and 152d New York Volunteers. As the roads near each other they form a short angle that diverges between, and upon which there is a dense undergrowth. Across this strip of land the two regiments could not imperfectly discern each other. One regiment mistook the other for rebels in ambush, and at once opened a galling fire. This was replied to with ardor. Before the mistake was discovered both regiments suffered to a considerable extent. This painful event is attributed to the incompetency of the commanding General.

—The 31st New York Regiment has returned to this city from the Rappahannock. It was organized under Col. Pratt, and has been in all the battles with the army of the Potomac, excepting Williamsburg and the second Bull Run. When Col. Pratt was promoted to be a Brig.-Gen., the Adjutant, Frank Jones, was appointed Colonel, and it was he who led them in the late attack and capture of Mary's Heights, Fredericksburg. The regiment formerly numbered 1,000, and now about 300 privates.

—The 2d Maine Regiment is on its way to Bangor, to be mustered out of the service, having served the term of its enlistment—two years; how well can easily be surmised by the fact that no movement of the army of the Potomac, from the first Bull Run battle to the recent engagements near the Rappahannock, has taken place that they have not participated in. There have been nearly 2,000 men connected with this regiment since its organization, and it returns home now with about 200!

**Naval.**—The St. Thomas correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says: On the 30th of April the United States steamer Vanderbilt arrived in port, and after a few hours delay started for Martinique where it is reported the United States steamers Alabama and Onida have the Alabama, alias "299," blockaded into an out bay. The admiral declares that if he finds her there he will sink her, let the consequences be what they may. As the admiral is named Wilkes, who has let the pirate slip through his fingers twice already, we have hopes he will not let her escape now. Martinique is a French colony, and has several French ships of war there to protect her international dignity. Since then we have heard the pirate has escaped.

—The Government has again purchased the old Lake Ontario steamboat Niagara, which came so very near proving a coffin to six companies of a Massachusetts regiment belonging to the Banks expedition last fall. She is now called the Suffolk. She is to run on some of the rivers in Louisiana, and the owners are to deliver her in New Orleans.

—The annual examination of the Naval Academy, Newport, R. I., commenced on the 19th of May. The following are the Board of Visitors: Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, Commodore H. K. Hoff, Commodore Hitchcock, Hon. E. Everett, Hon. C. W. Cathcart, Jacob Butler, Charles Ames, Sidney Brooks.

—A Bermuda correspondent says that the fleet of blockaders is not so numerous as the many names of the vessels would imply, as the owners of them invariably change their name after one successful run. Thus the bark Charles of 1861 is the Henry of 1862, and the William of the next trip. The reason for this dodge is obvious.

**Personal.**—The Herald says that Miss Teresa Edmond, the Irish poetess, is about to take the oratorical field against Miss Ann Dickinson, whose portrait we published in No. 399 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. They are both very young and very pretty, and will, doubtless, get married, and so end the campaign.

—Mr. Denyse, one of the N. Y. Herald's special war correspondents, had his horse shot under him and was dangerously wounded in the late skirmish at Suffolk.

—Gen. T. F. Meagher's resignation of his commission as Brigadier-General was accepted on the 14th ult., and he took leave of his brigade on the 20th May. He briefly addressed his late companions-in-arms, and bade them an affectionate farewell, and his connection for the present with the military service of the United States has thus been terminated.

—A handsome sword was presented to Gen. J. Hobard Ward, at Washington, on the 20th May, by the officers and men of the 35th regiment.

—Col. Rush C. Hawkins was presented on the 20th May with a sword by about 50 of his personal friends.

—Brig.-Gen. Crawford has been relieved by an order of the War Department from the Military Commission, and assigned to duty under Major-Gen. Heintzelman, for the command of the division known as the Pennsylvania Reserves. Gen. Seymour takes the place of Gen. Crawford in the commission. The assignment was made at the request of the Governor of Pennsylvania, in consideration of Gen. Crawford's former efficient services and fine soldierly qualities. He was with Anderson during the bombardment of Sumter; with Banks in the Shenandoah valley, and at Cedar Mountain, and while commanding the 1st division, after Mansfield fell, was severely wounded at Antietam.

—Col. E. L. Molineux, of the Third Senatorial regiment (159th N. Y. V.), which suffered so severely in the battle of Irish Bend, La., returned on the 26th May. He was severely but not dangerously wounded, and returned for the purpose of receiving proper surgical treatment.

—Gov. Blair of Michigan, and Gov. Morton of Indiana, are in Washington on important business.

—Senator Harlan, of Iowa, is so ill that he is not expected to recover.

—Lieut.-Col. Crowder, of New Brunswick, and Lieut.-Col. Lord Abinger, of Scots Fusilier Guards, from Canada, dined with Gen. Hooker on Saturday.

—Lieut.-Col. Watkins, law partner of Judge Wilmot, reported killed in the battle of Chancellorsville, has arrived in Washington. He was shot through the body and left on the field for dead, but falling into the hands of Dr. Breckinridge, Medical Director of Lee's army, his life was saved.

—A very handsome testimonial has been presented to Capt. Homer C. Blake, formerly commander of the United States gunboat Hatteras, who so heroically fought the Alabama on the 11th of January last.

—The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia pronounced a decree of total divorce in the case of

Gen. John M. Brannan, a sister Eliza Brannan, granting him the guardianship of his child. The material facts caused much excitement and interest five years ago, and especially in New York. It appears that Col. Wyman, with whom she eloped, was shot through the heart at the battle of Fair Oaks.

**Obituary.**—Capt. John Gamble, of the 6th N. J. Vols., was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, as also at the same time Lieut. John Howeth, of the 5th New Jersey Vol. Their funeral took place on the 20th May, in Jersey City, with appropriate ceremonies, their bodies having lain in state at the City Hall. They were buried in the New York Bay Cemetery.

—Among the thousands slaughtered at Chancellorsville was Lieut. Franklin Butler Crosby, of the regular army. He was only in his 23d year. His funeral was solemnized at the Mercer street Presbyterian Church. The officiating clergyman were Revs. Dr. Booth and Prentice. The military escort consisted of the 22d regiment, N.Y.N.G., under Lieut.-Col. Grant, and a detachment of 95 men from the 12th regular, under Lieut. Franklin and Stacy. The cortege moved through 14th street to Broadway, thence to the South Ferry, en route to Greenwood, where the remains were deposited.

**Accidents and Offences.**—A disorderly mob on May 20, broke into the office of the Monitor, a Democratic journal, in Huntington, Pa., and totally destroyed its contents, throwing the material into the streets.

—A prize fight for \$250 a-side, between Con. Orem, the champion of Colorado Territory, and Owen Geoghegan, of this city, took place on the 19th May, near Chocomaug, Middlesex county, N.J.; 19 spirited rounds were fought, when Orem knocked his opponent down, and struck him, it was alleged, as he was falling. A pistol pointed at the head of the referee induced that functionary to decide that the blow was a foul one, whereupon Geoghegan was declared the winner.

—The body of an unknown man was found on the 20th May in the Morris Canal basin, Jersey City. He had doubtless been murdered, as a pistol ball had passed through his face.

—Louis Marx & Gottlieb, formerly the proprietors of a bone-boiling establishment in Flatbush, L. I., have been convicted of a nuisance. In their defence they had the impudence to assert that the smell arising from putrid animal matter was not injurious to health.

—A man, named Barney Brown, one of the carpenters at the United States Capitol, was killed, while walking over the iron ceiling of the Congressional Library room, by one of the panels, with a lot of copper resting on it, giving way and precipitating him below. He struck upon the iron railings of the gallery in his fall, and expired almost immediately, after a few groans. Some persons who were sitting in the library, hearing the crash overhead, suddenly bounded from their seats and escaped the falling mass.

—A young man, named Grant, a Scotchman by birth, has been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment in Sing Sing, for a burglary in Brooklyn.

—Three youths, from 15 to 17 years of age, got upon a raft on the 19th May, which, drifting into the East River, was run over by a ferryboat, near Catharine Pier, and two of the boys drowned. Great censure is expressed of the pilot, who could have avoided the collision.

**Foreign.**—A deputation of Trades Unionists of England presented to Mr. Adams, on the 2d May, in London, an address, recently adopted at a large public meeting of that body, sympathizing with the North and heartily applauding Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation policy. Mr. Adams's reply was very prudent. The London Times looks upon Mr. Adams's speech as most reasonable and timely. "A good many words may pass," says the Times, "without leading to blows, and as we are confident that neither Englishmen nor Americans have the least wish to go to war with each other, we look forward with mistrust to the mutual forbearance on the part of their Government which Mr. Adams so wisely invokes. We must submit to certain interruptions in our trade in defence to the rights of a belligerent. The Americans must tolerate some shortcomings in our part in consideration of the difficulties of a neutral. We can assure them, if they need the assurance, that not a single violation of our neutrality would ever occur without the regret of the Government and the deprecation of the public; but such offences cannot be easily prevented."

—The new Canadian Ministry has been formed, and the following named members were sworn in by the Governor-General, at Quebec, on the 16th May: Upper Canada—John Sandfield Macdonald, Attorney-General; Oliver Mowat, Postmaster-General; Wm. McDougall, Commissioner of Crown Lands; William P. Howland, Receiver-General; A. Ferguson Blair, Provincial Secretary; Lewis Wallbridge, Solicitor-General. Lower Canada—A. A. Dorion, Attorney-General; L. H. Holton, Minister of Finance; Isidore Thibault, President of the Council; Luc Letellier de St. Just, Bureau of Agriculture.

—A young man in London was recently convicted of abstracting small sums of money from an employer who paid him but £50 per year for his services. He had been subjected to the temptation of having £3,000 or £4,000 pass through his hands, and the magistrate rebuked the policy of his employer in thus tempting him, and said it was probable that if the servant had been fairly remunerated the master would not have been plundered.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—Mr. E. C. Kellogg, of Hartford, has invented a gun which will discharge 100 shots per minute, according to the Courier, and 300 according to the Post. The piece, as it is designed to be built from the model, will weigh but about 350 pounds, and its cost will not exceed \$250.

—It has been decided in an English court that photographs cannot publish copies of copyright pictures. A London printer obtained a verdict of £100 damages against a photographer for infringing his copyright of a picture called "The Light of the World," in the copyright and engraving of which he had expended \$10,000. The chief object of the trial was to test the question.

—At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, Mr. Charles O'Neill exhibited a mounted fibre of New Orleans cotton, torn by a gradually increasing weight suspended to its extremity. It had sustained a weight (gradually increased) of 162 grains for many minutes. Mr. O'Neill stated that there were 144 such fibres in the hundredth part of a grain of cotton. Each fibre, therefore, weighs less than the ten thousandth part of a grain; and the strongest fibres are capable of supporting more than two million times their own weight. Mr. O'Neill is engaged in making experiments upon the tensile strength of other fibres by special apparatus.

—A process has been discovered in England by which photographs are literally and at once imprinted directly from negatives, with printer's ink, on paper, by the sun.

—Prof. Huxley, in his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," takes the ground that man originated by the progressive development of ap-like ancestors. The Westminster Review ironically observes that on this theory "we must, however reluctantly, be content to take the place assigned to us as forming simply a family of the order Primates, with the Chimpanzee and the Gorilla as our next of kin." This is one of the latest results of discarding psychological considerations in estimating man's place in nature.

—An English paper says: "An ingenious time-taker has been invented by a citizen of Manchester. It is a small card, on the face of which hangs a weighted string. The card is so figured, that by holding it in the sunshine, a bead on the string will indicate the solar time. By it the hours of sunrise and sunset may also be ascertained. It is, undoubtedly, the cheapest timepiece that ever was devised." Perhaps some of our readers will explain how this can be done.

—The first meeting of the Academy of Sciences was held on the 22d April, in the chapel of the University of New York. Hon. Henry Wilson of Mass., presided. Mr. Wilson made a speech in explanation of the advantages to be gained by an American national institution of this character, and an organization was effected, after Mr. Wilson's speech, in the following manner: President, Alexander Dallas Bache, Washington, D. C.; Vice President, James D. Dana, New Haven, Conn.; Foreign Secretary, Louis Agassiz, Cambridge, Mass.; Home Secretary, Wolcott Gibbs, New York; Treasurer, Fairman Rogers, Philadelphia, Penn. Officers of the classes—Class A, Mathematics and Physics—Chairman, B. Pierce, Cambridge, Mass.; Secretary, B. A. Gould, Mass. Class B, Natural History—Chairman, B. Silliman, New Haven, Conn.; Secretary, J. S. Newberry, Ohio. Representatives in Council—Admiral C. H. Davis, Lewis M. Rutherford, Dr. John Torrey, Prof. J. P. Lesley.

—Cyrus W. Field has placed specimens of every kind of submarine telegraphic cable now used in the world, on exhibition at the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, 50 and 52 Pine street.

—A letter from London says: "Mr. J. F. Cropsey, the American painter, who has resided several years in London, sold off such pictures and sketches as he happened to have on hand on Wednesday, for over 1,200 guineas, a sum which at present rates of exchange will give him about \$8,000 in New York, to which place he proposes to return immediately, where he and Mrs. C., whose admirable social qualities must have contributed largely to his success, will, I doubt not, be warmly welcomed, as they will be regretted by hosts of friends on this side of the Atlantic. When New-Yorkers get home here, they go to the Lyceum Theatre, to see John Brougham and Geo. Jordan in the 'Duke's Motto.' They have only to shut their eyes and fancy themselves at Wallack's. The Bourgeois, at the Westminster, Miss Avoria Jones at the Adelphi, old Chippendale at the Haymarket, which Sothen has left for a short starring tour, and Mrs. Fanny Kemble reading Shakespeare in Fieccadilly, keep our memories green."

—Capt. Hall, the famous Arctic Explorer, will soon depart on his new expedition. Mr. Hall intends to remain three seasons among the Esquimaux. He thus hopes to recover the records of Sir John Franklin. He also wishes to investigate the reports as to the existence of a great fresh water lake in the Arctic region which the people mention frequently.

—It is the intention of Hon. Zadock Pratt, whose gallant son, Gen. Pratt, fell in battle to have a statue of that lamented soldier cut out of the solid rock at Frattville. There is something sublime as well as pathetic in the patriot father thus mournfully immortalizing his patriot son.

**Chit-Chat.**—The Tycoon of Japan has sent a coat of mail as a gift to the President. Mr. Lincoln has not yet donned the new suit, but when he does the reader can imagine Old Abe dressed up with an umbrella-shaped helmet, made of steel and copper, on his head, copper visor over his face, sleeves of copper chainwork in his arms, metallic breastplate, and steel network leggings.

—One of the Special Correspondents of the New York Daily Times relates the following bit of rudeness, and calls it a joke. Gen. Forgiarini, a Swiss soldier of some experience, said to a staff officer, Urs Major, we presume: "Zis is not a battle—zis is one grand skirmish!" "A skirmish!" reiterated the staff officer; "I'd have you understand, sir, that two or three skirmishes like this would wipe the whole Swiss nation off the face of the earth, sir!" and he rode down the line into the bullets, with as much sang froid as though eating his breakfast.

—The Press says: "One of the great advantages of Gen. Hooker's orders, compelling the correspondents to put their name to their letters, is, that we know the names of some of the most remarkable fools and liars of the day."

—During the recent siege of Washington, N. C., a pious secess was at evening prayer with his family; he prayed, "Oh, Lord, send the iron ball ten times quicker and ten times faster!" No sooner were the words uttered than a shot came rushing, crashing and tearing through the house, extinguishing the lights. He exclaimed, in terror, "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest where my house is, spare it, spare it!"

—A distinguished physician of Paris declared just before his death, "I believe that during the 26 years I have practised my profession in this city, 20,000 children have been borne to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms." When in Harvard many years ago, I heard the distinguished Dr. J. C. Warren say: "Boston sacrifices 500 babies every year by neglect of clothing their arms." These little arms should have thick woollen warm sleeves, extending from the shoulder to the hand.

—Sir, I have been for many years a subscriber to your paper. This week you have published what purports to be a portrait of the southern Gen. Beauregard. "Yes, sir," returned the director, with a complacent smile. "We are always on the look-out for novelty." "It may be a novelty now," retorted the other, "but upon turning to the old files of your journal, I find in 1830, the same plate was called a striking likeness of Gen. Lafayette!" "Very well, sir," replied the director in a tone of unfeigned serenity, "that is quite true, but you must remember that since 1830 Gen. Lafayette is dead!"

—Luncheon, says Thackeray, is base ingratitude to breakfast and premeditated insult to dinner.

—To keep husbands and boys from straying away from home, make home pleasant than any other place.

—A large and corpulent sergeant complained one morning that the bunks were not wide enough for two—that he was crowded. "Crowded?" says the captain; "good gracious! I should think a man with such a corporation as you have would be crowded if he slept alone!"

—The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

—John Bull knows how to turn an honest penny on occasion as well as Jonathan. For example, at Bristol, England, a tavern-keeper, uniting business with patriotism, hung out a banner, on the Prince's marriage day, inscribed: "A sandwich and a glass of beer for 3d. Bless them both!" (That is, both the Prince and Princess; not the beer and sandwich.)

—One day last week a large, red-faced woman, with a porter's load of expensive finery upon her person, entered the largest jewellery store in New York, and inquiring for diamonds, a magnificent assortment of rings, brooches, earrings, necklaces, etc., were spread before her. From these she selected \$3,500 worth, which she requested might be sent to her husband at home, she said, and he would pay for them. A pen and a card were handed to her, and she was requested to write her address. She hesitated, her broad face turned from red to crimson, and finally, in great confusion, she made her mark (a big cross) on the card, and tossing it to the salesman, said, "That! I haven't time to write, but I guess he'll know that." The illiterate queen of diamonds was a contractor's wife.

—A widow can even make use of thunder. Every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower) and clap her little hands and fly around till the man was half-distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was that she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunderstorms rattled over their heads.

FROM the assurance of those who have had occasion to use Dr. Briggs' Curative, we can safely recommend it to all whose feet are troubled with corns, bunions and the like. It gives no trouble on the application; is free from danger, and yet gives satisfactory relief. His advertisement will give further particulars.

## OLD AND YOUNG GENERALS.

MANY of Napoleon's most overwhelming successes were obtained when he was opposed by such men as Beaulieu, who was then 80 years of age, Wurmser, an octogenarian, and Alvinzi, who was over 70, in the campaign of 1795. These men had all distinguished themselves in early life, but they had now lost that youthful promptitude and activity which are absolutely essential for military commanders.

It is curious to follow up this list a little farther. In 1800 the Austrians had for Commander-in-Chief, Meles, an old General of the Seven Years' War, who had been 80 years in the army, and was no longer able or efficient. In 1805, the French were opposed by Mack, then 53, and Kutusoff, 60. The plan of operations was drawn up by a council of Generals more aged still, who took no active part in the campaign. In 1806, Napoleon beat the Duke of Brunswick, then 71, Hohelohe, aged 60, and Mollendorf, Kleist and Massenbach—Generals who had served under Frederick the Great; men, says Jomini, "exhausted from the Seven Years' War whose faculties were frozen by age."

In 1807 the Allies still sent against Napoleon and his young and vigorous officers such men as Kamensk, aged 80; Benning, 60, and Buxhowden, 55. But in 1809 the Austrian army was led by the young and energetic Archduke Charles, and though he was fettered and thwarted by the "foolish projects of the old Generals of the Aulic Councils," this campaign proved the most glorious in the Austrian annals of the wars of the revolution.

In subsequent campaigns the allies were led by younger men, who proved themselves more nearly a match for Napoleon. Alexander of Russia was only 35 when he headed his army in 1812; and he surrounded himself with young officers, and placed as commanders of his divisions such men as the Archduke Constantine, then 33, and Schouvaloff, 35. The Austrians were led by Schwarzenberg, then 36; the Prussians by York, Bulow, and by Blucher who, though himself advanced in life, had the wit to surround himself with young and energetic aids, to whose enterprise he gave full rein.

Wellington was of the same age as Napoleon, and in the last campaign of the Emperor it was well known that most of Wellington's officers were younger men than Napoleon's, who, says a military writer, "exhibited in this campaign less than in former ones the ardent energy and reckless activity which had characterized their younger days." The same authority continues: "Never were Napoleon's plans better conceived, never did his troops fight with greater bravery; but the dilatory movements of his Generals enabled his active enemies to parry the blow intended for their destruction."

Most of our disasters in the war of 1812 we owed to the inefficiency of such old veterans of the Revolution as Hull, Armstrong, Winchester, Dearborn and Wilkinson, men who had once done good service, but were now deficient in everything but the desire to take the field once more. It was not till they were set aside, and such men as Scott, Wool, Jackson, Harrison and others appointed, that our armies achieved victories. Scott himself was Major General at 28; and it is noticeable that in the present war the eyes of the people are turned with more hope upon such men as McClellan, Fremont, Butler, Banks and Rosecrans, men who are yet in the vigor of their days.

## THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A BURGLAR.

THIS extract, from a reminiscence concerning a series of murders committed some years since in France, develops a rare instance of presence of mind in woman. We will premise that the murderer was known by the fact that in some previous brawl or scene of murder he had lost three fingers from one of his hands:

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady, by the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family, but with one servant girl lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city, a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of one of the officers of the Guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular, but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed in the midst of danger, which, together with a large amount of moral courage, made her a very notable person. The recent murders made, perhaps, less impression on her mind than upon any one else in Dieppe; although it was naturally supposed the retired situation in which she lived would have caused her to be more fearful.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders of the Rue Grenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up into her bedroom. She was suffering from a nervous headache. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself. The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite to her was a toilet-table, with a cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when, happening to look around her, she saw something that for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had only two fingers.

She divined the truth in a moment; the assassin was there, in her house, under the table. She made not the least motion nor sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She divined what to do, and advancing to the door called the servant-maid.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room, "do you know where M. Bernard lives?"

"Yes, madame."

"I have to pay 5,000 francs away very early in the morning. The fact slipped my memory till just now. You will have to run to his house and get the money for me."

"Very well, madame."

"I will write a note, which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:

"My Dear M. Bernard.—The assassin of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately with some gens d'armes, and take him before he escapes."

"HELENE BEAUMAUURICE."

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her on her errand. She then quietly reentered herself and waited. Yes, she sat in the room with that man under the table for a whole hour. She sat there calm, cool and collected. She saw the shadow of the hand shift several times, but the murderer did not make any attempt to escape from his place of concealment.

In due time the gens d'armes arrived, and Jacques Reynaud was arrested, not, however, without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add that the most convincing proof as to his guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined.

**THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.**—The first published, says Galignani, bears the date of Nuremberg, 1457; the first English one was in 1622; and the first French one in 1631. A very ancient printed sheet was offered for sale in the Libri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, "Nouvelles de l'Espagne et de l'Italie" (News from Spain and Italy), and bears the date of February, 1534. The catalogue gave a description of it: "An exceedingly rare journal, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first announcement of the discovery of Peru."

**THE BEST KIND OF SERVANTS FOR HOTELS.**—Is experienced.





UNION TROOPS MARCHING BACK INTO FALMOUTH AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

**MACCARONI,**

**The Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes.**

NEXT to the Derby and St. Leger, "The Two Thousand" at Newmarket holds rank as the third great race of the year in England, and has now been held for 52 successive years. We give this week a portrait of Maccaroni, the successful horse, from a sketch by Mr. Harry Hall.

The rivalry of Saccharometer and Hospodar, both of them unbeaten horses, made it a very heavy betting race. The Newmarket Handicap had destroyed any high anticipation of Rapid Rhone, and the reports of Blue Mantle's temper forbade any great hopes. Maccaroni had a very strong party at 10 to 1, which his Craven Meeting running amply justified. Maccaroni "got" Saccharometer as soon as they entered the cords, and won cleverly at last by three parts of a length. The winner is a bay colt, by Sweetmeat, from Jocose, by Pantaloon, and was bred like his stable companion, Carnival, by the Marquis of Westminster. He is the property of Mr. Naylor, of Hooton Hall, Cheshire, the owner of the celebrated sire Stockwell, and Feu-de-Joie, the winner of the last Oaks. His jockey, Challoner, rode the winner in very fine, artistic style. Maccaroni is engaged in the Derby and three or four other races.

**GREAT GOVERNMENT SALE AT NEW ORLEANS.**

We give on page 172 one of the light comedy scenes, where, by the fortune of war, poetical justice is dealt to the offender. Our Artist, in sending us the sketch representing the Government sale of confiscated property, says: "While I am waiting the grander scenes now about to open in our terrible drama, I have whiled away my time by sketching things of a milder interest. Observing in that very lively paper, the *Era*, an advertisement, stating that there would be, on the 2d and 3d of March, a great sale of full blooded stock, the former property of active rebels, whose love for Jeff. Davis exceeded that of horseflesh—when I saw that the list included the names of such well-known stallions as Panic, Ben West, Victory, Whale and Frank Cheatem, I knew at once the subject would interest a very large class of the American people, and have, therefore, done my best to send you a correct sketch. Attracted by the fame of the stock, and, perhaps, under the mistaken idea, that the terms of payment would be very easy, parties, wise in their generation, and especially learned in horseflesh, came from all accessible parts of the Union. George Wilkes had a representative, who secured several bits of blood, one of which, Frank Cheatem, I sketched as he was led on to the ground. I also selected the gray filly for immortality,

as she was represented to be the finest and fleetest mare of her age in, not America only, but the world. The other celebrated bloods were not sold, for reasons satisfactory, no doubt, to the Government agents, but not disclosed by Mr. G. P. Finney, the young Boston auctioneer, selected to conduct the sale." The animal in the lower part of the picture is a celebrated gray filly, not yet named, but full of the best racing blood. There was great competition for her.

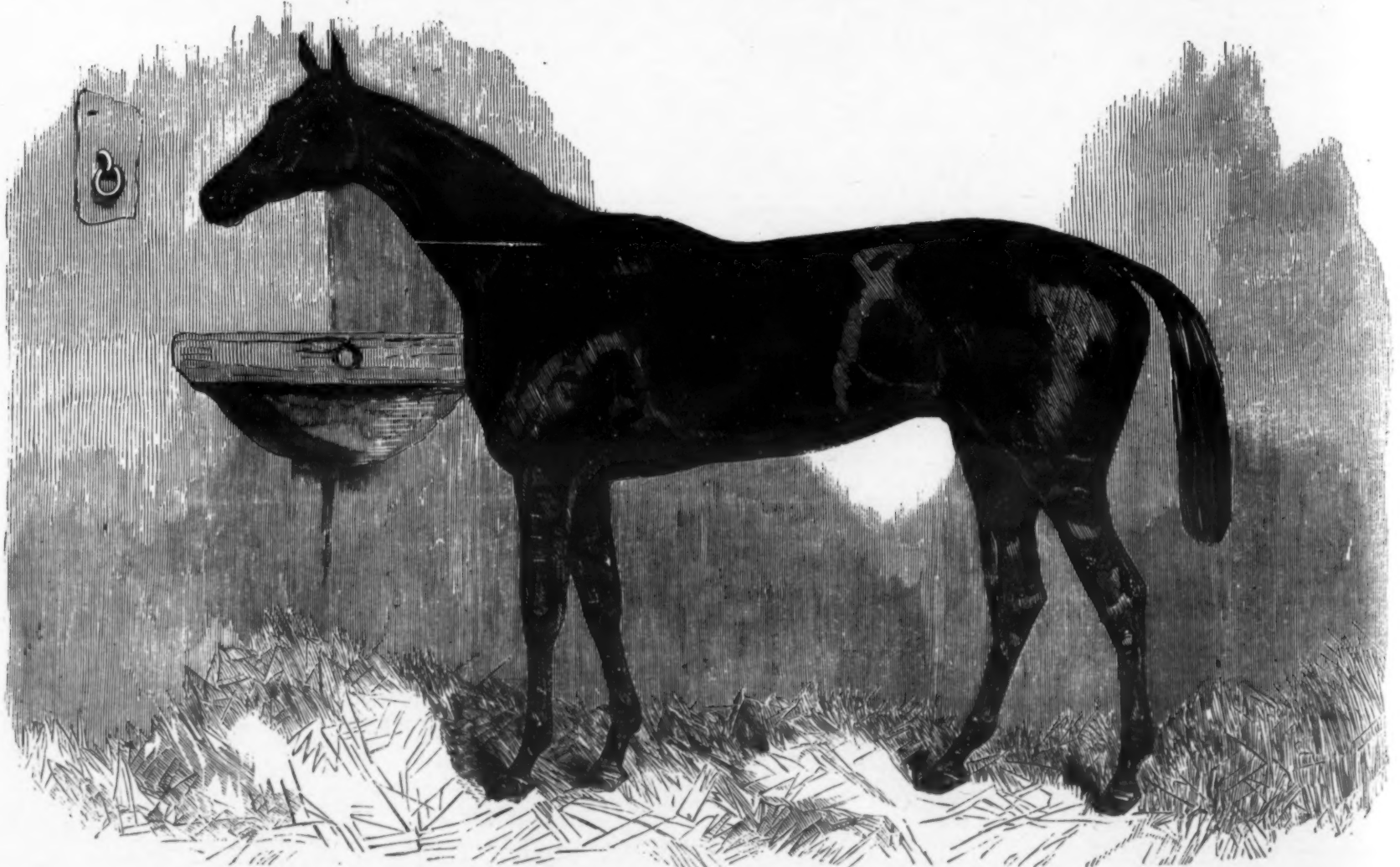
**THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC ON THE MARCH.**

In another part of our paper we publish several sketches, illustrative of the last grand movement of our army, which will give our readers some idea of its appearance when on the march to the battlefield. The public can little realize the hard work and severe tramping of a soldier's life. The day of battle, which is so terrible to the general mind, is less dreaded than the weary watching, the long forced marches and the unsheltered bivouac. Many of our regiments go into battle nearly exhausted by a long and harassing march. The Hawkins's Zouaves made their last and successful charge at the battle of Camden after a march of 27 miles, and equally gallant deeds have been performed by other regiments under similar circumstances. We have so fully described Gen. Hooker's campaign

of nine days in our last paper that we forbear to add anything to accompany Mr. Forbes's sketches, representing our men on their march to those luckless operations, and their return to their old quarters at Falmouth. The sketches, in fact, speak for themselves.

**USE OF COCA LEAVES.**—An English merchant, Mr. Campbell, a resident of Tacua, Bolivia, in whose company I returned from Lima to Europe (says Dr. Scherzer, in his account of the *Reise der Novara*), told me that some years ago he was obliged, by urgent business, to travel, in one day's journey, a distance of 90 miles on a mule, and that he was accompanied the whole distance by an Aymara Indian, on foot, who continually kept pace with him, without taking any other nourishment than a few roasted grains of maize and some coca leaves, which he kept chewing uninterruptedly, mixed with a small quantity of quick lime. Arrived at the night-station, Mr. Campbell, though his mule was an excellent animal, felt considerably fatigued; his guide, on the contrary, after standing on his head a few minutes—a very remarkable custom of the Aymara Indians, probably for the purpose of counteracting the strong downward congestion of the blood—and swallowing a glass of whiskey, resumed, without any rest whatever, his homeward journey.

A YOUNG man named Neck has recently been married to Miss Heels. They are now, therefore, literally tied neck and heels together.



MACCARONI, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, NEWMARKET, ENGLAND.





## THE STREET—A REVERIE.

BY A. S. HOOKER.

I sit at my chamber window high,  
And looking down  
On the threadlike sidewalks stretching by,  
Up and down to the weary eye,  
Along the town,

Black with the human forms that go  
From morn till night,  
When the creeping shadows gather slow,  
And hide the living currents flow  
From aching sight;

So through the shadowy street that leads  
Within my heart,  
Slowly a phantom train proceeds,  
While another coming throng succeeds,  
As these depart.

I catch bright views of the faces fair,  
As slow they come;  
While roses twined in their golden hair  
Blush like the flowers their faces wear,  
But all are dumb.

Bearing life's wine in their cups of gold,  
To feed the flame  
Of its altar fires, as the heart grows cold,  
Sweetly they glide through its portal's fold,  
Like dreams of fame.

On the other side where the shadows fall  
A sad train goes,  
Of hopes discredited, that bear withal  
Dim, faded wreaths, and the flowers are all  
Dead orange blows.

With a tear-filled vase each crownless one  
Moves out of sight;  
The broken idols, the deeds undone,  
Pass on, but I see the face of none—  
They seek the night.

I hear their low and muffled tread,  
Like April rain,  
When the nightly veil o'er earth is spread,  
As they come like forms of the early dead,  
And soothe my pain.

And I feel in the cold and silent night,  
Within my breast,  
By the soul's deep peace and its sweet  
Delight,  
That I've kept with love till the dawning  
light

An angel guest.

Thus day by day, and year by year,  
A phantom train  
Glides, with the noiseless steps of fear,  
Through the shadowy street that leadeth near  
My pulsing brain.

## PRIZE STORY

No. 17.

## A Whisper in the Dark.

As we rolled along I scanned my companion covertly, and saw much to interest a girl of seventeen. My uncle was a handsome man, with all the polish of foreign life fresh upon him; yet it was neither comeliness nor graceful ease which most attracted me, for even my inexperienced eye caught glimpses of something stern and sombre below these external charms, and my long scrutiny showed me the keenest eye, the hardest mouth, the subtlest smile I ever saw—a face which in repose wore the look which comes to those who have led lives of pleasure and learned their emptiness. He seemed intent on some thought that absorbed him and for a time rendered him forgetful of my presence, as he sat with folded arms, fixed eyes and restless lips. While I looked my own mind was full of deeper thought than it had ever been before, for I was recalling, word for word, a paragraph in that half-read letter:

"At eighteen Sybil is to marry her cousin, the compact having been made between my brother and myself in their childhood. My son is with me

now, and I wish them to be together during the next few months, therefore my niece must leave you sooner than I at first intended. Oblige me by preparing her for an immediate and final separation, but leave all disclosures to me, as I prefer the girl to remain ignorant of the matter for the present."

That displeased me. Why was I to remain ignorant of so important an affair? Then I smiled to myself, remembering that I did know, thanks to the wilful curiosity that prompted me to steal a peep into the letter that Madame Bernard had pored over with such an anxious face. I saw only a single paragraph, for my own name arrested my eye, and though wild to read all, I had scarcely time to whisk the paper back into the reticule the forgetful old soul had left hanging on the arm of her chair. It was enough, however, to set my girlish brain in a ferment and keep me gazing wistfully at my uncle, conscious that my future now lay in his hands, for I was an orphan and he my guardian, though I had seen him but seldom since I was confided to madame, a six years' child. Presently my uncle became cognizant of my steady stare, and returned it with one as steady for a moment, then said, in a low, smooth tone, that ill accorded with the satirical smile that touched his lips:

"I am a dull companion for my little niece. How shall I provide her with pleasanter amusement than counting my wrinkles or guessing my thoughts?"

I was a frank, fearless creature, quick to feel, speak and act, so I answered readily:

"Tell me about my cousin Guy—is he as handsome, brave and clever as madame says his father was when a boy?"

My uncle laughed a short laugh, touched with scorn, whether for madame, himself or me I could not tell, for his countenance was hard to read.

"A girl's question, and artfully put; nevertheless I shall not answer it, but let you judge for yourself."

"But, sir, it will amuse me and beguile the way. I feel a little strange and forlorn at leaving madame, and talking of my new home and friends will help me to know and love them sooner. Please tell me, for I've had my own way all my life and can't bear to be crossed."

My petulance seemed to amuse him, and I became aware that he was observing me with a scrutiny as keen as my own had been, but I smilingly sustained it, for my vanity was pleased by the evident approbation his eye betrayed. The evident interest he now took in all I said and did was sufficient flattery for a young thing who felt her charms and longed to try their power.

"I too have had my own way all my life, and as the life is double the length the will is double the strength of yours, and again I say no. What next, mademoiselle?"

He was blander than ever as he spoke, but I was piqued, and resolved to try coaxing—eager to gain my point, lest a too early submission now should mar my freedom in the future.

"But that is ungallant, uncle, and I still have hopes of a kinder answer, both because you are too generous to refuse so small a favor to your 'little niece' and because she can be charmingly wheedlesome when she likes. Won't you say yes now, uncle?" and pleased with the daring of the thing I put my arms about his neck, kissed him daintily and perched myself upon his knee with most audacious ease.

He regarded me mutely for an instant, then holding me fast deliberately returned my salute on lips, cheeks and forehead, with such warmth that I turned scarlet and struggled to free myself, while he laughed that mirthless laugh of his till my shame turned to anger, and I imperiously commanded him to let me go.

"Not yet, young lady. You came here for your own pleasure, but shall stay for mine, till I tame you as I see you must be tamed. It is a short process with me, and I possess experience in the work; for Guy, though by nature as wild as a hawk, has

learned to come at my call as meekly as a dove. Chut! what a little fury it is!"

I was just then far exasperated at his coolness—the threat already put in execution—and quite beside myself, I had suddenly stooped and bitten the shapely white hand that held both my own. I had better have submitted, for slight as the foolish action was, it had an influence on my after life, as many another such has had. My uncle stopped laughing, his hand tightened its grasp, for a moment his cold eye glittered and a grim look settled round the mouth, giving to his whole face a ruthless expression that entirely altered it. I felt perfectly powerless. All my little arts had failed, and for the first time I was mastered. Yet only physically—my spirit was rebellious still. He saw it in the glance that met his own, as I sat, erect and pale, with something more than childish anger. I think it pleased him, for swiftly as it had come the dark look passed, and quietly, as if we were the best of friends, he began to relate certain exciting adventures he had known abroad, lending to the picturesque narration the charm of that peculiarly melodious voice, which soothed and won me in spite of myself, holding me intent till I forgot the past, and when he paused I found that I was leaning confidentially on his shoulder, asking for more, yet conscious of an instinctive distrust of this man, whom I had so soon learned to fear yet fancy.

As I was recalled to myself I endeavored to leave him, but he still detained me, and with a curious expression, produced a case so quaintly fashioned, that I cried out, in admiration, while he selected two cigarettes, mildly aromatic with the herbs they were composed of, lit them, offered me one, dropped the window, and leaning back surveyed me with an air of extreme enjoyment, as I sat meekly puffing and wondering what prank I should play a part in next. Slowly the narcotic influence of the herbs diffused itself like a pleasant haze over all my senses; sleep, the most grateful, fell upon my eyelids, and the last thing I remember was my uncle's face dreamily regarding me through a cloud of fragrant smoke. Twilight wrapped us in its shadows when I woke, with the night wind blowing on my forehead, the muffled roll of wheels sounding in my ear, and my cheek pillowed upon my uncle's arm. He was humming a French *chanson* about "Love and Wine, and the Seine to-morrow!" I listened till I caught the air, and presently joined him, mingling my girlish treble with his flutelike tenor. He stopped at once, and in the coolly courteous tone I had always heard in our few interviews asked if I was ready for lights and home.

"Are we there?" I cried; and looking out, saw that we were ascending an avenue which swept up to a pile of buildings that rose tall and dark against the sky, with here and there a gleam along its gray front.

"Home at last, thank heaven!" and springing out with the agility of a young man, my uncle led over a terrace into a long hall, light and warm, and odorous with the breath of flowers, blossoming here and there in graceful groups. A civil, middle-aged maid received and took me to my room, a boudoir of a place, which increased my wonder when told that my uncle had chosen all its decorations and superintended their arrangement. "He understands women," I thought, handling the toilet ornaments, trying luxurious chair and lounge, and ending by slipping my feet into the scarlet and white Turkish slippers, coquettishly turning up their toes before the fire, quite in keeping with the cashmere dressing-gown that seemed extending its arms invitingly. A few moments I gave to examination, and having expressed my satisfaction, was asked by my maid if I would be pleased to dress, as "the master" never allowed dinner to wait for any one. This recalled to me the fact that I was doubtless to meet my future husband at that meal, and in a moment every faculty was intent upon achieving a grand toilette for this first interview. The maid possessed skill and taste, and a wardrobe lately embellished with Parisian gifts from my uncle which I was eager to display in his honor.

When ready I surveyed myself in the long mirror as I had never done before, and saw there a little figure, slender, yet stately, in a silvery dress of foreign fashion, ornamented with lace and carnation ribbons which enhanced the fairness of neck and arms, while blonde hair, wavy and golden, was gathered into an antique knot of curls behind, with a carnation fillet, and below a blooming dark-eyed face, just then radiant with girlish vanity and eagerness and hope.

"I'm glad I'm pretty!"

"So am I, Sybil."

I had unconsciously spoken aloud, and the echo came from the doorway where stood my uncle, carefully dressed, looking comelier and cooler than ever. The disagreeable smile flitted over his lips as he spoke, and I startled, then stood abashed, till beckoning, he added in his most courtly manner:

"You were so absorbed in the contemplation of your charming self, that Janet answered my tap and took herself away unheard. You are mistress of my table now, it waits; will you come down? Permit me, mademoiselle."



The Compact overheard.

With a last touch to that unruly hair of mine, a last comprehensive glance and shake, I took the offered arm and rustled down the wide staircase, feeling that the romance of my life was about to begin. Three covers were laid, three chairs set, but only two were occupied, for no Guy appeared. I asked no questions, showed no surprise, but tried to devour my chagrin with my dinner, and exerted myself to charm my uncle into the belief that I had forgotten my cousin; it was a failure, however, for that empty seat had an irresistible fascination for me, and more than once, as my eye returned from its furtive scrutiny of napkin, plate and trio of colored glasses, it met my uncle's and fell before his penetrative glance. When I gladly rose to leave him to his wine—for he did not ask me to remain—he also rose, and as he held the door for me, he said:

"You asked me to describe your cousin, you have seen one trait of his character to-night, does it please you?"

I knew he was as much vexed as I at Guy's absence, so quoting his own words I answered saucily:

"Yes, for I'd rather see the hawk free than coming tamely at your call, uncle."

He frowned slightly as if unused to such liberty of speech, yet bowed when I swept him a stately little curtsy and sailed away to the drawing-room, wondering if my uncle was as angry with me as I was with my cousin. In solitary grandeur I amused myself by strolling through the suite of handsome rooms henceforth to be my realm, looked at myself in the long mirrors as every woman is apt to do when alone and in costume, danced over the mossy carpets, touched the grand piano, smelt the flowers, fingered the ornaments on *étagère* and table, and was just giving my handkerchief a second drench of some refreshing perfume from a flagree flask that had captivated me, when the hall door was flung wide, a quick step went running upstairs, boots tramped overhead, drawers seemed hastily opened and shut, and a bold, blithe voice broke out into a hunting song in a tone so like my uncle's, that I involuntarily flew to the door, crying,

"Guy is come!"

Fortunately for my dignity no one heard me, and hurrying back I stood ready to skim into a chair and assume propriety at a minute's notice, conscious, meanwhile, of the new influence which seemed suddenly to gift the silent house with vitality, and add the one charm it needed, that of cheerful companionship. "How will he meet me? and how shall I meet him?" I thought, looking up at the bright-faced boy whose portrait looked back at me with a mirthful light in the painted eyes and a trace of his father's disdainful smile in the curves of the firm-set lips. Presently the quick steps came flying down again, past the door, straight to the dining-room opposite, and as I stood listening, with a strange flutter at my heart, I heard an imperious young voice say rapidly:

"Beg pardon, sir, unavoidably detained—most broken my own and Satan's neck as it was. Has she come? Is she bearable?"

"I find her so. Dinner is over, and I can offer you nothing but a glass of wine."

My uncle's voice was frostily polite, making a curious contrast to the other, so impetuous and frank, as if used to command or win all but one.

"Deuce take the dinner! I'm glad to be rid of it, so I'll drink your health, father, and then inspect our new ornament."



The Morning Ride on the Moors.



"Impertinent boy!" I muttered, yet at the same moment resolved to deserve his appellation, and immediately grouped myself as effectively as possible, laughing at my folly as I did so. I possessed a pretty foot, therefore one little slipper appeared quite naturally below the last flounce of my dress; a bracelet (my uncle's gift) glittered on my arm as it emerged from among the lace carnation knots. That arm supported my head. My profile was well cut, my eyelashes long, therefore I read with face half averted from the door. The light showered down, turning my hair to gold, so I smoothed my curls, retied my snood, and, after a satisfied survey, composed myself with an absorbed aspect and a quickened pulse to await the arrival of the gentleman.

Soon they came. I knew they paused on the threshold, but never stirred till an irrepressible "You are right, sir!" escaped the younger. Then I rose, prepared to give him the coldest greeting, yet I did not. I had almost expected to meet the boyish face and figure of the picture; I saw, instead, a man comely and tall. A dark moustache half hid the proud mouth; the vivacious eyes were far kinder, though quite as keen as his father's, and the freshness of unspoiled youth lent a charm which the older man had lost for ever. Guy's glance of pleased surprise was flatteringly frank, his smile so cordial, his "Welcome, cousin!" such a hearty sound that my coldness melted in a breath, my dignity was all forgotten, and before I could restrain myself I had offered both hands, with the impulsive exclamation,

"Cousin Guy, I know I shall like you very much, and be very happy here! Are you glad I have come?"

"Glad as I am to see the sun after a November fog."

And bending his tall head he kissed my hand in the graceful foreign fashion he had learned abroad. It pleased me mightily, for it was both affectionate and respectful. Involuntarily I contrasted it with my uncle's manner, and flashed a significant glance at him as I did so. He understood it, but only nodded with the satirical look I hated, shook out his paper and began to read. I sat down again, careless of myself now, and Guy stood on the rug surveying me with an expression of surprise that rather nettled my pride.

"He is only a boy after all, so I need not be daunted by his inches or his airs. I wonder if he knows I am to be his wife, and likes it?"

The thought sent the color to my forehead, my eyes fell, and despite my valiant resolution, I sat like any bashful child before my handsome cousin. Guy laughed a boyish laugh as he sat down on his father's footstool, saying, while he warmed his slender brown hands:

"I beg your pardon, Sybil. We won't be formal, will we? But I haven't seen a lady for a month, so I stand like a boor at sight of a silk gown and highbred face. Are those people coming, sir?"

"If Sybil likes, ask her."

"Shall we have a flock of people here to make it gay for you, cousin, or do you prefer our quiet style better: just riding, driving, lounging and enjoying life, each in his own way? Henceforth it is to be as you command in such matters."

"Let things go on as they have done, then. I don't care for society, and strangers wouldn't make it gay to me, for I like freedom; so do you, I think."

"Ah, don't I!"

A cloud flitted over his smiling face, and he punched the fire, as if some vent were necessary for the sudden gust of petulance that knit his black brows into a frown, and caused his father to tap him on the shoulder with the bland request as he rose to leave the room:

"Guy, my lad, bring the portfolios and entertain your cousin; I have letters to write, and Sybil is too tired to care for music to-night."

Guy obeyed with a shrug of the shoulder his father touched, but lingered in the recess till my uncle, having made his apologies to me, had left the room, then my cousin rejoined me, wearing the same cordial aspect I first beheld. Some restraint was evidently removed, and his natural self appeared. A very winsome self it was, courteous, gay and frank, with an undertone of deeper feeling than I thought to find. I watched him covertly, and soon owned to myself that he was all I most admired in the ideal hero every girl creates in her romantic fancy, for I no longer looked upon this young man as my cousin, but my lover, and through all our future intercourse this thought was always uppermost, full of a charm that never lost its power.

Before the evening ended Guy was kneeling on the rug beside me, our two heads close together, as he turned the contents of the great portfolio spread before us, or poring over some fine print we looked each other freely in the face, as I listened and he described, both breaking into frequent peals of laughter at some odd adventure or comical mishap in his own travels, or the pictured scenes we so often forgot. Guy was very charming, I my blitheest, sweetest self. And when we parted late my cousin watched me up the stairs, with still another "Good-night, Sybil," as if both sight and sound were pleasant to him.

"Is that Satan?" I called from my window next morning, as I looked down upon my cousin, who was coming up the drive from an early gallop on the moors.

"Yes, bonny Sybil; come and admire him," he called back, hat in hand, and a quick smile rippling over his face.

I went, and, standing on the terrace, caressed the handsome creature, while Guy said, glancing up at his father's undrawn curtains:

"If your saddle had come, we would take a turn before 'my lord' is ready for breakfast. This autumn air is the wine that women need."

I yearned to go, and when I willed the way soon appeared, so careless of bonnetless head and cam-

bric gown, I stretched my hands to him saying, boldly:

"Play young Lockinvar, Guy; I am little and light, take me up before you and show me the sea."

He liked the daring feat, held out his hand, I stepped on his boot toe, sprang up, and away we went over the wide moor, where the sun shone in a cloudless heaven, the lark soared, singing, from the clean grass at our feet, and the September wind blew freshly from the sea. As we paused on the upland slope, that gave us a free view of the country for a while, Guy dismounted, and, standing with his arm about the saddle to steady me in my precarious seat, began to talk.

"Do you like your new home, cousin?"

"More than I can tell you?"

"And my father, Sybil?"

"Both yes and no to that question, Guy; I hardly know him yet."

"True, but you must not expect to find him as indulgent and fond as many guardians would be to such as you. It's not his nature. Yet you can win his heart by obedience, and soon grow quite at ease with him."

"Bless you! I'm that already, for I fear no one. Why, I sat on his knee yesterday and smoked a cigarette of his own offering, though madame would have fainted if she had seen me—then I slept on his arm an hour, and he was fatherly kind, though I teased him like a gnat."

"The deuce he was!" with which energetic expression Guy frowned at the landscape and harshly checked Satan's attempt to browse, while I wondered what was amiss between father and son, and resolved to discover, but finding the conversation at an end started it afresh, by asking:

"Is any of my property in this part of the country, Guy? Do you know, I am as ignorant as a baby about my own affairs; for as long as every whim was gratified and my purse full I left the rest to madame and uncle, though the first hadn't a bit of judgment, and the last I scarcely knew. I never cared to ask questions before, but now I am intensely curious to know how matters stand."

"All you see is yours, Sybil," was the brief answer.

"What, that great house, the lovely gardens, these moors and the forest stretching to the sea? I'm glad! I'm glad! But where, then, is your home, Guy?"

"Nowhere."

At this I looked so amazed that Guy's gloom vanished in a laugh, as he explained, but briefly, as if this subject were no pleasanter than the first:

"By your father's will you were desired to take possession of the old place at eighteen. You will be that soon; therefore, as your guardian, my father has prepared things for you, and is to share your home until you marry."

"When will that be, I wonder?" and I stole a glance from under my lashes, wild to discover if Guy knew of the compact and was a willing party to it. His face was half averted, but over his dark cheek I saw a deep flush rise, as he answered, stooping to pull a bit of heather:

"Soon, I hope, or the gentleman sleeping there below will be tempted to remain a fixture with you on his knee, as 'madame my wife.' Uncles marry their nieces where we have been, you know."

I smiled at the idea, but Guy did not see it; and seized with a whim to try my skill with the hawk that seemed inclined to peck at its master, I said demurely:

"Well, why not? I might be very happy if I learned to love him, as I should if he were always in that kindest mood of his. Would you like me for a little mamma, Guy?"

"No!" short and sharp as a pistol shot.

"Then you must marry and have a home of your own, my son."

"Don't, Sybil! I'd rather you didn't see me in a rage, for I'm not a pleasant sight, I assure you; and I'm afraid I shall be in one if you go on. I never saw my mother, but I love her tenderly, because my father is not much to me, and I know if she had lived I should not be what I am."

Bitter was his voice, moody his mien, and all the sunshine gone at once. I looked down and touched his black hair with a shy caress, feeling both penitent and pitiful.

"Dear Guy, forgive me if I pained you. I'm a thoughtless creature, but I'm not malicious, and a word will restrain me, if kindly spoken. My home is always yours, and when my fortune is mine you shall never want, if you are not too proud to accept help from your own kin. You are a little proud, aren't you?"

"As Lucifer, to most people. I think I should not be to you, for you understand me, Sybil, and through you I hope to grow a better man."

He turned, then, and through the linements—his father had bequeathed them—I saw a look that must have been his mother's, for it was womanly, sweet and soft, and lent new beauty to the dark eyes, always kind, and just then very tender. He had checked his words suddenly, like one who has gone too far, and with that hasty look into my face had bent his own upon the ground, as if to hide the unwelcome feeling that had mastered him. It lasted but a moment, then his old manner returned, as he said gaily:

"There drops your slipper. I've been wondering what kept it on. Pretty thing! They say it is a foot like this that outpaces tramples on men's hearts. Are you cruel to your lovers, Sybil?"

"I never had one, for madame guarded me like a dragon, and I led the life of a nun; but when I do find one I shall try his metal well before I give up my liberty. I've always had a great fancy for the lady of the old ballad, who dropped her glove into the lion's den and bade her lover bring it back. Would you have obeyed her if you had been the knight, Guy?"

"Yes, for there was honor in the doing of the deed: but, like the knight, I would have hung the

glove in the lady's face, and left her for a more tender-hearted woman."

I had forgotten that part of the ballad, and was a little disappointed at Guy's recalling and approving it, but reflecting the wistful look he had given me, the significant words that had escaped him and the variations of tone and manner constantly succeeding one another, I felt assured that my cousin was cognizant of the family league, and accepted it, yet, with the shyness of a young lover, knew not how to woo. This pleased me, and quite satisfied with my morning's work I mentally resolved to charm my cousin slowly, and enjoy the romance of a genuine wooing, without which no woman's life seems complete—in her own eyes, at least. He had gathered me a knot of purple heather, and as he gave it I smiled my sweetest on him, saying:

"I commission you to supply me with nosegays, for you have taste, and I love wild-flowers. I shall wear this at dinner in honor of its giver. Now, take me home, for my moors, though beautiful, are chilly, and I have no wrapper but this microscopic handkerchief."

Off went his riding-jacket, and I was half smothered in it. The hat followed next, and as he sprang up behind I took the reins, and felt a thrill of delight in sweeping down the slope with that mettlesome creature tugging at the bit, that strong arm round me, and the happy hope that the heart I leaned on might yet learn to love me.

The day so began passed pleasantly, spent in roving over house and grounds with my cousin, setting my possessions in order and writing to dear old madame. Twilight found me in my bravest attire, with Guy's heather in my hair, listening for his step, and longing to run and meet him, when he came. Punctual to the instant he appeared, and this dinner was a far different one from that of yesterday, for both father and son seemed in their gayest and most gallant mood, and I enjoyed the hour heartily. The world seemed all in tune now, and when I went to the drawing-room I was moved to play my most stirring marches, sing my blitheest songs, hoping to bring one at least of the gentlemen to join me. It brought both, and my first glance showed me a curious change in each. My uncle looked harassed and a little grim, Guy looked sullen and eyed his father with covert glances.

The morning's chat flashed into my mind, and I asked myself, "Is Guy jealous so soon?" It looked a little like it, for he threw himself upon a couch and lay there silent and morose, while my uncle paced to and fro, thinking deeply while apparently listening to the song he bade me finish. I did so, then followed the whim that now possessed me. I wanted to try my power over them both, to see if I could restore that gentler mood of my uncle's and assure myself that Guy cared whether I was friendliest with him or not.

"Uncle, come and sing with me; I like that voice of yours."

"Tut, I am too old for that; take this indolent lad instead, his voice is fresh and young, and will chord well with yours."

"Do you know that pretty *chanson* about 'Love and Wine, and the Seine to-morrow,' cousin Guy?" I asked, stealing a sly glance at my uncle.

"Who taught you that?" and Guy eyed me over the top of the couch with an astonished expression which greatly amused me.

"No one; uncle sang a bit of it in the carriage yesterday. I like the air, so come and teach me the rest."

"It is no song for you, Sybil. You choose strange entertainment for a lady, sir."

A look of unmistakable contempt was in the son's eye, of momentary annoyance in the father's, yet his voice betrayed none as he answered, still pacing placidly along the room:

"I thought she was asleep, and unconsciously began it, to beguile a silent drive. Sing on, Sybil; that Bacchanalian snatch will do you no harm."

But I was tired of music now they had come, so I went to him, and passing my arm through his, walked beside him, saying with my most persuasive aspect:

"Tell me about Paris, uncle; I intend to go there as soon as I'm of age, if you will let me. Does your guardianship extend beyond that time?"

"Only till you marry."

"I shall be in no haste, then, for I begin to feel quite homelike and happy here with you, and shall be content without other society, only you'll soon tire of me and leave me to some dismal governess while you and Guy go pleasureing."

"No fear of that, Sybil; I shall hold you fast till some younger guardian comes to rob me of my merry ward."

As he spoke he took the hand that lay upon his arm into a grasp so firm, and turned on me a look so keen, that I involuntarily dropped my eyes lest he should read my secret there. Eager to turn the conversation, I asked, pointing to a little miniature hanging underneath the portrait of his son, before which he had paused:

"Was that Guy's mother, sir?"

"No, your own."

I looked again, and saw a face delicate yet spirited, with darkest eyes, a passionate mouth and a haughty lift to the head, crowned with hair as plentiful and golden as my own; but the whole seemed dimmed by age, the ivory was stained, the glass cracked, and a faded ribbon fastened it. My eyes filled as I looked, and a strong desire seized me to know what had defaced this little picture of the mother whom I never knew.

"Tell me about her, uncle; I know so little, and often long for her so much. Am I like her, sir?"

Why did my uncle avert his eyes as he answered:

"You are a youthful image of her, Sybil."

"Go on, please; tell me more; tell me why this is so stained and worn; you know all, and surely I am old enough now to hear any history of pain and loss."

Something caused my uncle to knit his brows, but his bland voice never varied a tone as he placed the picture in my hand and gave me this brief explanation:

"Just before your birth your father was obliged to cross the Channel, to receive the last wishes of a dying friend; there was an accident; the vessel foundered, and many lives were lost. He escaped, but by some mistake his name appeared in the list of missing passengers; your mother saw it, the shock destroyed her, and when your father returned he found only a motherless little daughter to welcome him. This miniature, which he always carried with him, was saved with his papers at the last moment; but though the salt sea water ruined it he would never have it copied or retouched, and gave it to me when he died in memory of the woman I had loved for his sake. It is yours now, my child; keep it, and never feel that you are fatherless or motherless while I remain."

Kind as was both act and speech, neither touched me, for something seemed wanting. I felt yet could not define it, for then I believed in the sincerity of all I met.

"Where was she buried, uncle? It may be foolish, but I should like to see my mother's grave. Is she in the family tomb with papa?"

"Yes, Sybil, she is with your father." Then I heard him mutter, "If that were the end I could wish I were with them there."

"I have made him melancholy talking of Guy's mother and my own; now I'll make him gay again if possible, and pique that negligent boy."

I drew my uncle to a lounging chair, established myself on the arm thereof, and kept him laughing with my merriest gossip, both of us apparently unconscious of the long dark figure stretched just opposite, feigning sleep but watching us through half-closed lids, and never stirring except to bow silently to my careless "Good-night."

As I reached the stairhead I remembered that my letter to madame, full of the frankest criticisms upon people and things, was lying unsealed on the table in the little room my uncle had set apart for my boudoir; fearing servants' eyes and tongues, I slipped down again to get it. The room adjoined the parlors, and just then was lit only by a ray from the hall lamp. I had secured the letter and was turning to retreat when I heard Guy say petulantly, as if thwarted yet submissive:

"I am civil when you leave me alone; I do agree to marry her, but I won't be hurried or go awailing except in my own way. You know I never liked the bargain, for it's nothing else; yet I can reconcile myself to being sold if it relieves you and gives us both a home. But, father, mind this, if you tie me to that girl's sash too tightly I shall break away entirely, and then where are we?"

"I should be in prison and you a houseless vagabond. Trust me, my boy, and take the good fortune which I received for you in your cradle. Look in pretty Sybil's face and resignation will grow easy; but remember time presses, that this is our forlorn hope, and for God's sake be cautious, for she is a headstrong creature, and may refuse to fulfil her part if she learns that the contract is not binding against her will."

"I think she'll not refuse, sir; she likes me already. I see it in her eyes; she has never had a lover, she says, and according to your account a girl's first sweetheart is apt to fare the best. Besides, she likes the place, for I told her it was hers, as you bade me, and she said she could be very happy here if my father was always kind."

"She said that, did she? Little hypocrite! For your father, read yourself and tell me what else she babbled about in that early *l'été-à-l'été* of yours."

"You are as curious as a woman, sir, and always make me tell you all I do and say, yet never tell me anything in return, except this business, which I hate, because my liberty is the price, and my poor little cousin is kept in the dark. I'll tell her all before I marry her, father."

"As you please hot-head. I am waiting for an account of the first love passage, so leave blushing to Sybil and begin."

I knew what was coming and stayed no longer, but caught one glimpse at the pair, saw Guy in his favorite place, erect upon the rug, half-laughing, half-frowning as he delayed to speak, my uncle serenely smoking on the couch, then I sped away to my own room, thinking as I sat down in a towering passion—

"So he does know of the baby betrothal and hates it, yet submits to please his father, who covets my fortune—mercenary creatures! I can annul the contract, can I? I'm glad to know that, for it makes me mistress of them both. I like you already, do I? and you see it in my eyes. Cocks-comb! I'll be the thornier for that. Yet I do like him; I do wish he cared for me, I'm so lonely in the world, and he can be so kind."

So I cried a little, brushed my hair a good deal, and went to bed, resolving to learn all I could when, where and how I pleased, to render myself as charming and valuable as possible, to make Guy love me in spite of himself, and then say yes or no, as my heart prompted me.

That day was a sample of those that followed, for my cousin was by turns attracted or repelled by the capricious moods that ruled me. Though conscious of a secret distrust of my uncle, I could not resist the fascination of his manner when he chose to exert its influence over me; this made my little pleaser of execution, for jealousy seemed the most effectual means to bring my wayward cousin subjection. Full of this fancy I seemed to tire his society, grew thorny as a briar rose to him affectionate as a daughter to my uncle, who surveyed us both with that inscrutable glance of his, and slowly yielded to my dominion as if he had divined my purpose and desired to aid it. Guy turned cold and gloomy, yet still lingered near me as if ready for a relenting look or word. I liked that, and took a wanton pleasure in prolonging the humiliation of the proud heart I had learned to



love, yet not to value as I ought, until it was too late.

One dull November evening as I went wandering up and down the hall pretending to enjoy the flowers, yet in reality waiting for Guy, who had left me alone all day, my uncle came from his room, where he had sat for many hours with the harassed and anxious look he always wore when certain foreign letters came.

"Sybil, I have something to show and tell you," he said, as I gazed at his button-hole with a spray of heliotrope, meant for the laggard who would understand its significance I hoped. Leading me to the drawing-room, my uncle put a paper into my hands, with the request—

"This is a copy of your father's will; oblige me by reading it."

He stood watching my face as I read, no doubt wondering at my composure while I waded through the dry details of the will, curbing my impatience to reach the one important passage. There it was, but no word concerning my power to dissolve the engagement if I pleased; and as I realized the fact a sudden bewilderment and sense of helplessness came over me, for the strange law terms seemed to make inexorable the paternal decree which I had not learned before. I forgot my studied calmness, and asked several questions eagerly.

"Uncle, did my father really command that I should marry Guy whether we loved each other or not?"

"You see what he there set down as his desire, and I have taken measures that you should love one another, knowing that few cousins, young, comely and congenial, could live three months together without finding themselves ready to mate for their own sakes, if not for the sake of the dead and living fathers to whom they owe obedience."

"You said I need not, if I didn't choose; why is it not here?"

"I said that? never Sybil!" and I met a look of such entire surprise and incredulity it staggered my belief in my own senses, yet also roused my spirit, and careless of consequences, I spoke out at once:

"I heard you say it myself the night after I came, when you told Guy to be cautious, because I could refuse to fulfil the engagement if I knew that it was not binding against my will."

This discovery evidently destroyed his plan, and for a moment threw him off his guard, for crumpling the paper in his hand, he stertally demanded:

"You turned eavesdropper early; how often since?"

"Never, uncle; I did not mean it then, but going for a letter in the dark, I heard your voices and listened for an instant. It was dishonorable, but irresistible, and if you force Guy's confidence, why should not I steal yours? All is fair in war, sir, and I forgive as I hope to be forgiven."

"You have a quick wit and a reticence I did not expect to find under that frank manner. So you have known your future destiny all these months, then, and have a purpose in your treatment of your cousin and myself?"

"Yes, uncle."

"May I ask what?"

I was ashamed to tell, and in the little pause before my answer came my pique at Guy's desertion; it was augmented by anger at my uncle's denial of his own words, the ungenerous hopes he cherished, and a strong desire to perplex and thwart him took possession of me, for I saw his anxiety concerning the success of this interview, though he endeavored to repress and conceal it. Assuming my coldest mien, I said:

"No sir, I think not, only I can assure you that my little plot has succeeded better than your own."

"But you intend to obey your father's wish, I hope, and fulfil your part of the compact, Sybil?"

"Why should I? It is not binding you know, and I'm too young to lose my liberty just yet; besides, such compacts are unjust, unwise; what right had my father to mate me in my cradle? how did he know what I should become or Guy? how could he tell that I should not love some other better? No! I'll not be bargained away like a piece of merchandise, but love and marry when I please!"

At this declaration of independence my uncle's face darkened ominously, some new suspicion lurked in his eye, some new anxiety beset him, but his manner was calm, his voice blander than ever as he asked:

"Is there then, some one whom you love? Confide in me, my girl."

"And if there were, what then?"

"All would be changed at once, Sybil. But who is it? Some young lover left behind at madame's?"

"No, sir."

"Who, then? You have led a recluse life here. Guy has no friends who visit him, and mine are all old, yet you say you love."

"With all my heart, uncle."

"Is this affection returned, Sybil?"

"I think so heartily."

"And it is not Guy?"

I was wicked enough to enjoy the bitter disappointment he could not conceal at my decided words, for I thought he deserved that momentary pang; but I could not as decidedly answer that last question, for I would not lie, neither would I confess just yet, so with a little gesture of impatience, I silently turned away lest he should see the tell-tale color in my cheeks. My uncle stood an instant in deep thought, a slow smile crept to his lips, content returned to his mien, and something like a flash of triumph glittered for a moment in his eye, then vanished, leaving his countenance earnestly expectant. Much as this change surprised me, his words did more, for, taking both my hands in his, he gravely said:

"Do you know that I am your uncle by adoption and not blood, Sybil?"

"Yes, sir; I heard so, but forget about it," and I looked up at him, my anger quite lost in astonishment.

"Let me tell you, then. Your grandfather was childless for many years, my mother was an early friend, and when her death left me an orphan, he took me for his son and heir. But within two years from that time your father was born. I was too young to realize the entire change this might make in my life. The old man was too just and generous to let me feel it, and we two lads grew up together like brothers. Both married young, and when you were born a few years later than my son, your father said to me, 'Your boy shall have my girl, and the fortune I have innocently robbed you of shall make us happy in our children.' Then the family league was made, renewed at his death, and now destroyed by his daughter, unless—Sybil, I am forty-five, you not eighteen, yet you once said you could be very happy with me if I were always kind to you; I can promise that I will be, for I love you. Little niece, you reject the son, will you accept the father?"

If he had struck me it would scarcely have dismayed me more. I started up, and snatched away my hands, hid my face in them, for after the first tingle of surprise an almost irresistible desire to laugh came over me, but I dared not, and gravely, gently he went on.

"I am a bold man to say this, yet I mean it most sincerely. I never meant to betray the affection I believed you never could return, and would only laugh at as a weakness, but your past acts, your present words, give me courage to confess that I desire to keep my ward mine for ever. My darling, shall it be so?"

He evidently mistook my surprise for maidenly emotion, and the suddenness of this unforeseen catastrophe seemed to deprive me of words. All thought of merriment or ridicule was forgotten in a sense of guilt, for if he feigned the love he offered it was well done, and I believed it then. I saw at once the natural impression conveyed by my conduct; my half confession and the folly of it all oppressed me with a regret and shame I could not master. My mind was in dire confusion, yet a decided "No" was rapidly emerging from the chaos but was not uttered, for just at this crisis, as I stood, with my uncle's arm about me, my hand again in his, and his head bent down to catch my answer, Guy swung himself gaily into the room. A glance seemed to explain all, and in an instant his face assumed that expression of pale wrath so much more terrible to witness than the fiercest outbreak, his eye grew fiery, his voice bitterly sarcastic, as he said:

"Ah, I see; the play goes on, but the actors change parts. I congratulate you, sir, on your success, and Sybil on her choice. Henceforth I am *de trop*, but before I go allow me to offer my wedding gift. You have taken the bride, let me supply the ring."

He threw a jewel box upon the table, adding, in that unnaturally calm tone that made my heart stand still:

"A little candor would have spared me much pain, Sybil; yet I hope you will enjoy your bonds as heartily as I shall escape from them. A little confidence would have made me your ally, not your rival, father. I have not your address; therefore I lose, you win. Let it be so. I had rather be the vagabond this makes me than sell myself, that you may gamble away that girl's fortune as you have your own and mine. You need not ask me to the wedding, I will not come. Oh, Sybil, I so loved, so trusted you!"

And with that broken exclamation he was gone. (To be concluded in our next.)

### TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE IN A CHURCH.

THE Boston Herald publishes the following incident, which it locates in a city "within 40 miles of the hub of the universe."

A railroad man, of that quietly jolly style which takes with everybody that likes a good joke, but wouldn't knowingly do a wrong or criminal thing for the world, is frequently called to this town and its vicinity by business. On Sunday, recently, he rode to an adjoining town, and called on an acquaintance who had some nice bottled cider, which, the natural presumption is, he tried. When our railway friend came away he was entrusted with a bottle of this cider, to be delivered to another railroad man in Boston. The bottle was not very bulky; our friend had capacious pockets in his coat, and so he slipped the "original package" into one of them. On arriving at the town he saw the door of a snug little church wide open, and, being a regular churchgoer, he went in. He had a seat in a prominent pew, with three young ladies in front, a deacon near by, and the elite of the congregation near him. The services were commenced, and our friend was soon under that influence which is always produced by the inspiring music, the solemn invocation and the sympathetic devoutness of an orthodox congregation in a country village.

The pastor had commenced his sermon, the audience was unusually still and attentive, and our friend was just wondering what illustration the pastor would use for a knotty theological point relating to the punishment of sinners, which he was just developing, when whack—pop—spud—whist—fiz-z-z! out came the cork from the bottled cider, which our friend had forgotten all about, just grazing a lady's full-crowned hat, and, by an evil chance, striking the clergyman full in the face.

Forth from the mouth of the bottle issued a yellowish white stream, like that from an inch nozzle at a fire engine trial, only boiling, foaming, seething and spluttering in an incomparable manner. Our friend's clothes were saturated, and the apparel of the young ladies in front and of various members of the elite were covered with the foam. At the parson's exclamation, "I am shot!" the whole congregation started to their feet, and a scene of confusion ensued which baffles description. The unhappy cider-bearer was arrested, and it required some eloquence on his part to explain matters. The parson's sermon was cut short in the middle, like Hudibras's adventure of the bear and fiddle, and our railroad official went home musing on ginger-pop and ciderless.

### THEY praise what they do not understand.

A Dutchman says:

"I will tell you such is de powers of de Shakspeer, dat I vunce saw de plays acted in Anglish languish, in Holland, where der was not vun persons in all de house but myself could understand it; yet dere was not a persons in all dat house but vas in tears, dat is, all crying, and veev very mooch, couldn't understand vord of de play, yet all weeping. Such vas de power of de Shakspeer."

### OLD FRIENDS.

THE old, old friends!

Some changed, some buried, some gone out of sight;

Some enemies, and in the world's swift flight No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—

Where are they? Three are lying in one grave,

And one from the far-off world on the daily wave

No loving message sends.

The old dear friends!

One passes daily and one wears a mask;

Another, long estranged, cares not to ask Where causeless anger ends.

The old dear friends!

So many and so fond in days of youth!

Alas! that Faith can be divorced from Truth, When love in severance ends.

The old, old friends!

They hover round me still in evening shades; Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,

And life on God depends.

### A PERSONAL SKETCH BY HAWTHORNE.

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* our brilliant countryman thus relates his first visit to Leigh Hunt, an author half American by blood, and more so from republican sentiment:

"He was at Hammersmith, occupying a very plain and shabby little house, in a contiguous range of others like it, with no prospect but that of an ugly village street, and certainly nothing to gratify his craving for a tasteful environment, inside or out. A slatternly maid-servant opened the door for us, and he himself stood in the entry, a beautiful and venerable old man, buttoned to the chin in a black dresscoat, tall and slender, with a countenance quietly alive all over, and the gentlest and most naturally courteous manner. He ushered us into his little study, or parlor, or both—a very forlorn room, with poor paperhangings and carpet, few books, no pictures that I remembered, and an awful lack of upholstery. I touch distinctly upon these external blemishes and this nudity of adornment, not that they would be worth mentioning in a sketch of other remarkable persons, but because Leigh Hunt was born with such a faculty of enjoying all beautiful things, that it seemed as if Fortune did him as much wrong in not supplying them as in withholding a sufficiency of vital breath from ordinary men. All kinds of mild magnificence, tempered by his taste, would have become him well; but he had not the grim dignity that assumes nakedness as the better robe.

"I have said he was a beautiful old man. In truth, I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mould of features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was a child's face in this respect. At my first glimpse of him, when he met us in the entry, I discerned that he was old, his long hair being white and his wrinkles many; it was an aged visage, in short, such as I had not at all expected to see, in spite of dates, because his books talk to the reader with the tender vivacity of youth. But when he began to speak, and as he grew more earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then another flash of youth came out of his eyes and made an illumination again. I never witnessed such a wonderfully illusive transformation before or since; and, to this day, trusting only to my recollection, I should find it difficult to decide which was his genuine and stable predicament—youth or age. I have met no Englishman whose manners seemed to me so agreeable, soft, rather than polished, wholly unconventional, the natural growth of a kindly and sensitive disposition, without any reference to rule, or else obedient to some rule so subtle that the nicest observer could not detect the application of it.

"His eyes were dark and very fine, and his delightful voice accompanied their visible language like music.

"His figure was full of gentle movement, though, somehow, without disturbing his quietude; and, as he talked, he kept folding his hands nervously, and betokened, in many ways, a fine and immediate sensibility, quick to feel pleasure or pain, though scarcely capable, I should imagine, of a passionate experience in either direction. There was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually or physically. Beef, ale, or stout, brandy or port wine entered not at all into his composition. In his earlier life he appears to have given evidences of courage and sturdy principle, and of a tendency to fling himself into the rough struggle of humanity on the liberal side.

"It was not, I think, from his American blood that Leigh Hunt derived either his amiability or his peaceful inclinations; at least, I do not see how we can reasonably claim the former quality as a national characteristic, though the latter might have been fairly inherited from his ancestors on the mother's side, who were Pennsylvania Quakers. But the kind of excellence that distinguished him—his fineness, subtlety and grace—was that which the richest cultivation has heretofore tended to develop in the happier examples of American genius, and which (though I say it a little reluctantly) is perhaps what our future intellectual advancement may make general among us. His person, at all events, was thoroughly American, and of the best type, as were likewise his manners; for we are the best as well as the worst-mannered people in the world.

"Leigh Hunt loved dearly to be praised. That is to say, he desired sympathy as a flower seeks sunshine, and perhaps profited by it as much in the richer depth of coloring that it imparted to his ideas. In response to all that we ventured to express about his writings (and, for my part, I went quite to the extent of my conscience, which was a long way, and there left the matter to a lady and a young girl, who happily were with me), his face shone, and he manifested great delight, with a perfect, and yet delicate, frankness for which I loved him. He could not tell us, he said, the happiness that such appreciation gave him; it always took him by surprise, he remarked, for—perhaps because he cleaned his own boots and performed other

little ordinary offices for himself—he never had been conscious of anything wonderful in his own person. And then he smiled, making himself and all the poor little parlor about him beautiful thereby. It is usually the hardest thing in the world to praise a man to his face; but Leigh Hunt received the incense with such gracious satisfaction (feeling it to be sympathy, not vulgar praise), that the only difficulty was to keep the enthusiasm of the moment within the limit of permanent opinion. A storm had suddenly come up while we were talking; the rain poured, the lightning flashed and the thunder broke; but I hope, and have great pleasure in believing, that it was a sunny hour for Leigh Hunt. Nevertheless, it was not to my voice that he most favorably inclined his ear, but to those of my companions. Women are the fit ministers at such a shrine.

"At our leaving-taking he grasped me warmly by both hands, and seemed as much interested in our whole party as if he had known us for years. All this was genuine feeling, a quick luxuriant growth out of his heart, which was a soil for flower-seeds of rich and rare varieties, not accords, but a true heart, nevertheless. Several years afterwards I met him, for the last time, at a London dinner-party, looking sadly broken down by infirmities; and my final recollection of the beautiful old man presents him arm-in-arm, nay, partly embraced and supported by, if I mistake not, another beloved and honored poet, whose minstrel name, since he has a week-day one for his personal occasions, I will venture to speak. It was Barry Cornwall, whose kind introduction had first made me known to Leigh Hunt."

### THE DIETETIC INVENTIVENESS OF HUNGER.

CAPT. MARCY, in his interesting work, "The Prairie Traveller," supplies several facts without importance in a physiological and medical aspect. Indeed, under the hardship and privations which fall to the lot of travellers beyond the tracks of civilised life, man and the inferior animals are frequently made the subjects of experiments which cannot be instituted in our schools and hospitals. Capt. Marcy thus describes what befell his party when crossing over the Rocky Mountains during the winter of 1857-8:

"Our supplies of provisions were entirely consumed 18 days before reaching the settlements in New Mexico, and we were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to supply the deficiency. Our poor mules were fast falling and dropping down from exhaustion in the deep snows, and our only dependence for the means of sustaining life was upon these starved animals as they became unserviceable.

"We had no salt, sugar, coffee or tobacco, which, at a time when men are performing the severest labor that the human system is capable of enduring, was a great privation. In this destitute condition we found a substitute for tobacco in the bark of the red willow, which grows upon many of the mountain streams in that vicinity. The outer bark is first removed with a knife, after which the inner bark is scraped up into ridges around the sticks, and held in the fire until it is thoroughly roasted, when it is taken off the stick, pulverised in the hand, and is ready for smoking. It has the narcotic properties of tobacco, and is quite agreeable to the taste and smell. The sumach leaf is also used by the Indians in the same way, and has a similar taste to the willow bark.

"A decoction of the dried willow or horse mint, which we found abundant under the snow, was quite palatable, and answered instead of coffee. It dries up in that climate, but does not lose its flavor.

"We suffered greatly from the want of salt; but by burning the outside of our mule-steaks, and sprinkling a little gunpowder upon them, it did not require a very extensive stretch of the imagination to fancy the presence of both salt and pepper. (There can be no doubt that the nitre and charcoal would to a great extent supply the want of salt. Soldiers and huntsmen have long resorted to this use of gunpowder under emergency.)

"We tried the flesh of horse, colt and mule, all of which were in a starved condition, and of course not very tender, juicy or nutritious. We consumed the enormous amount of from five to six pounds of this meat per man daily; but continued to grow weak and thin, until at the end of 12 days we were able to perform but little labor, and were continually craving for fat meat."

REFERRING to the advance from the Ebro to the Douro, the Duke of Wellington stated that "he got famously taken in on that occasion. The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the prévôt. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely; and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But you may guess what my astonishment was when, some months afterwards, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Mr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments."

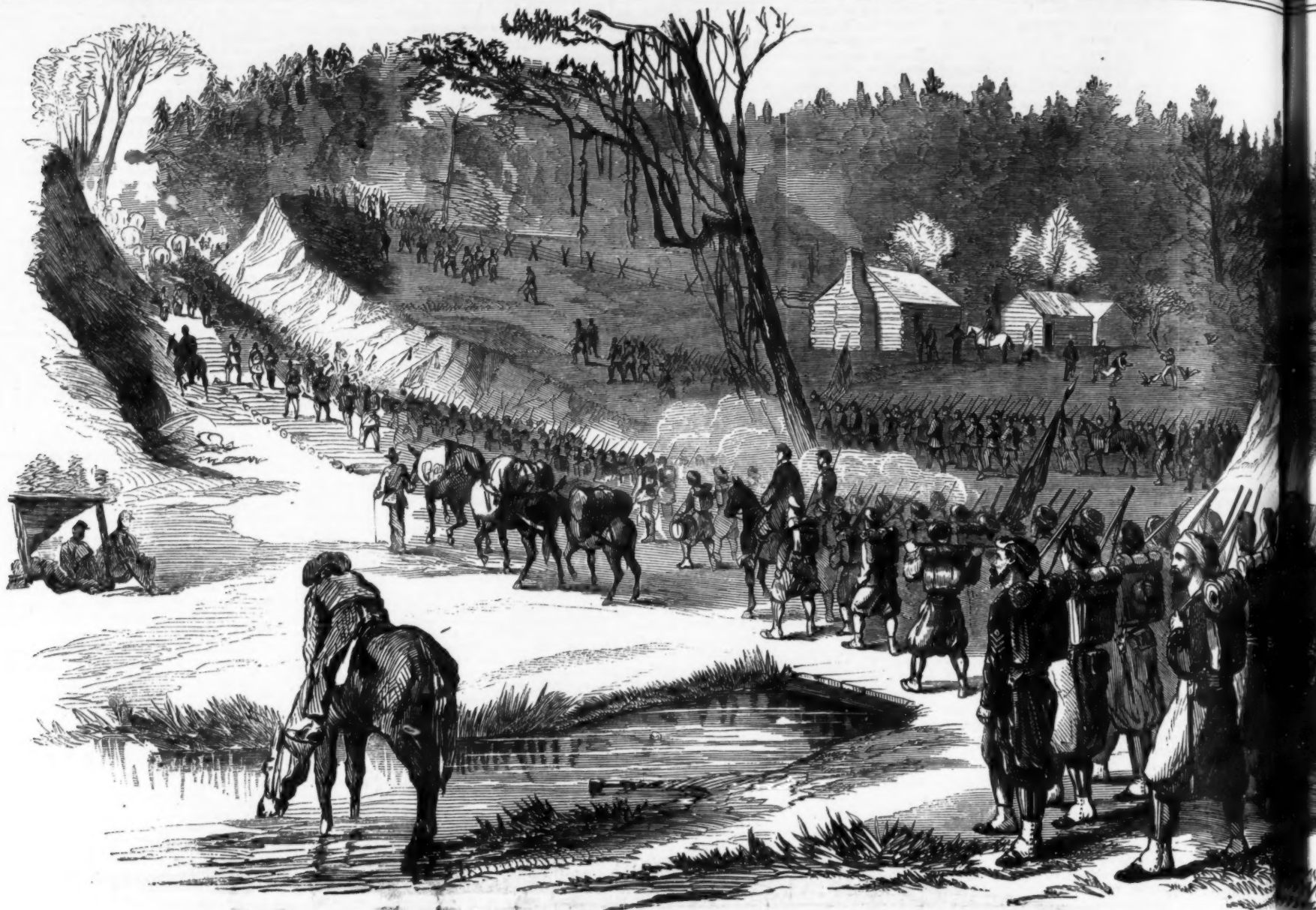
"Weren't you very angry, duke?" was the question.

"Well, I suppose I was at first; but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."

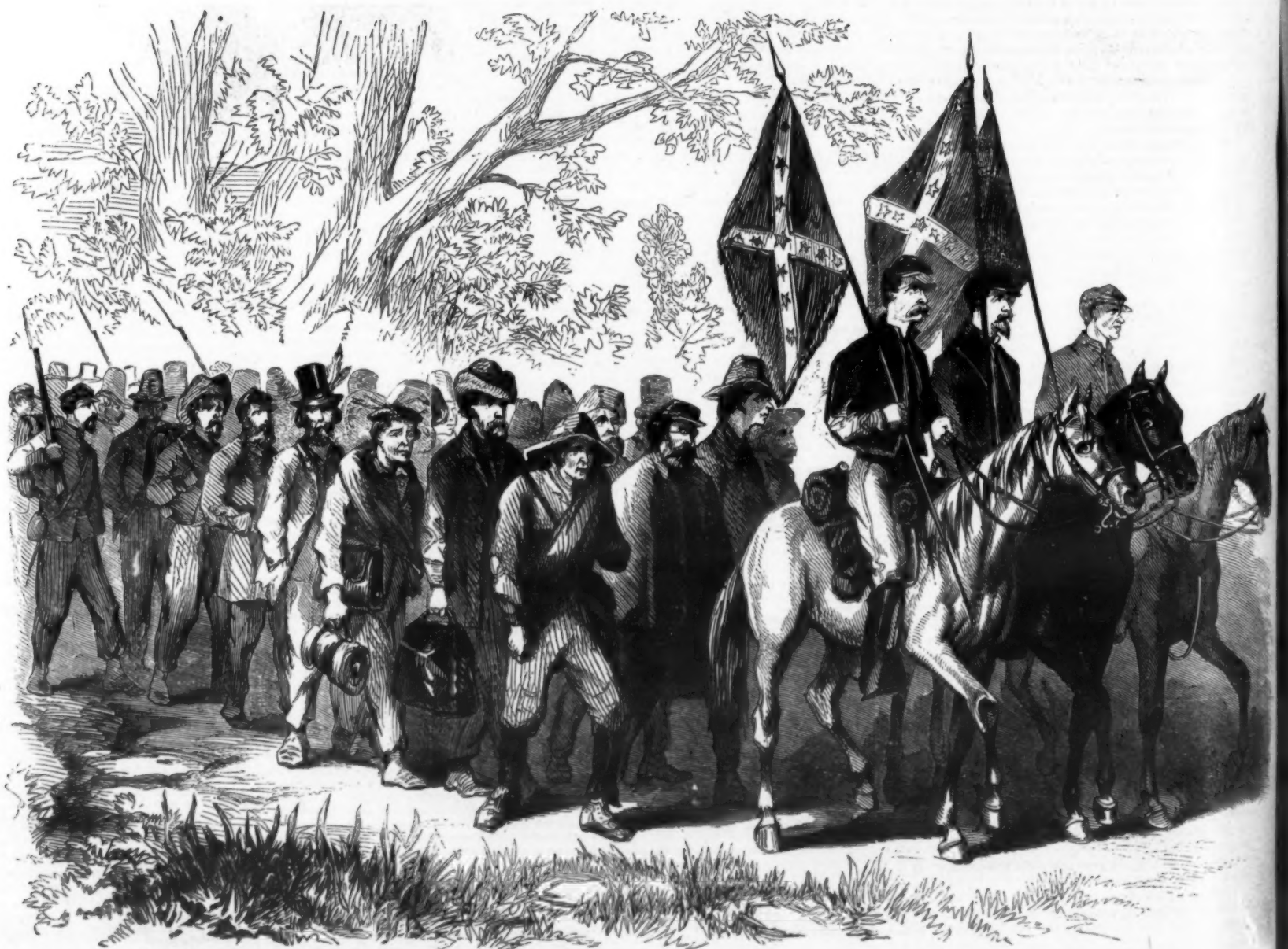
REASON IN BIRDS.—Do you think a bird understands what is said to it, or can tell a drunken man from a sober one? There is at least one I know can to all appearance do so; it is a jackdaw, which has formed a most wonderful attachment to a cat. The house cat and the daw sit on the hearth together. The daw will allow no one to touch the cat; it runs round it, pecking at your hand, and chattering all the time, and when it has driven you away, sits with a look of the greatest affection close to your face, tries to take its tongue in its beak, as if to kiss it, and when out of sight, should any one call out, "Jack, here is a man going to touch the cat," it will come full flight from some corner or other, and take its stand as its protector. Its owner being a carter, comes home at times three sheets in the wind, and is, when in this state, rather frolicsome and loud-spoken, his armchair being close to where puss and Jack sit on the hearth. Whenever he enters the house in this condition, the daw chatters something into the ear of the cat, the two immediately rise up and walk off to the room which is opened for them, jump on a chair, and there spend the night together. Now, from these facts I conclude that the bird knows what is said to it, knows when its master is sober or otherwise, and can tell the cat to avoid dangerous company.

SOME slandering bachelor says it is "much joy" when you first get married, but it is more jawy after a year or so.





THE ARMY OF GENERAL HOOKER ON THE MARCH.

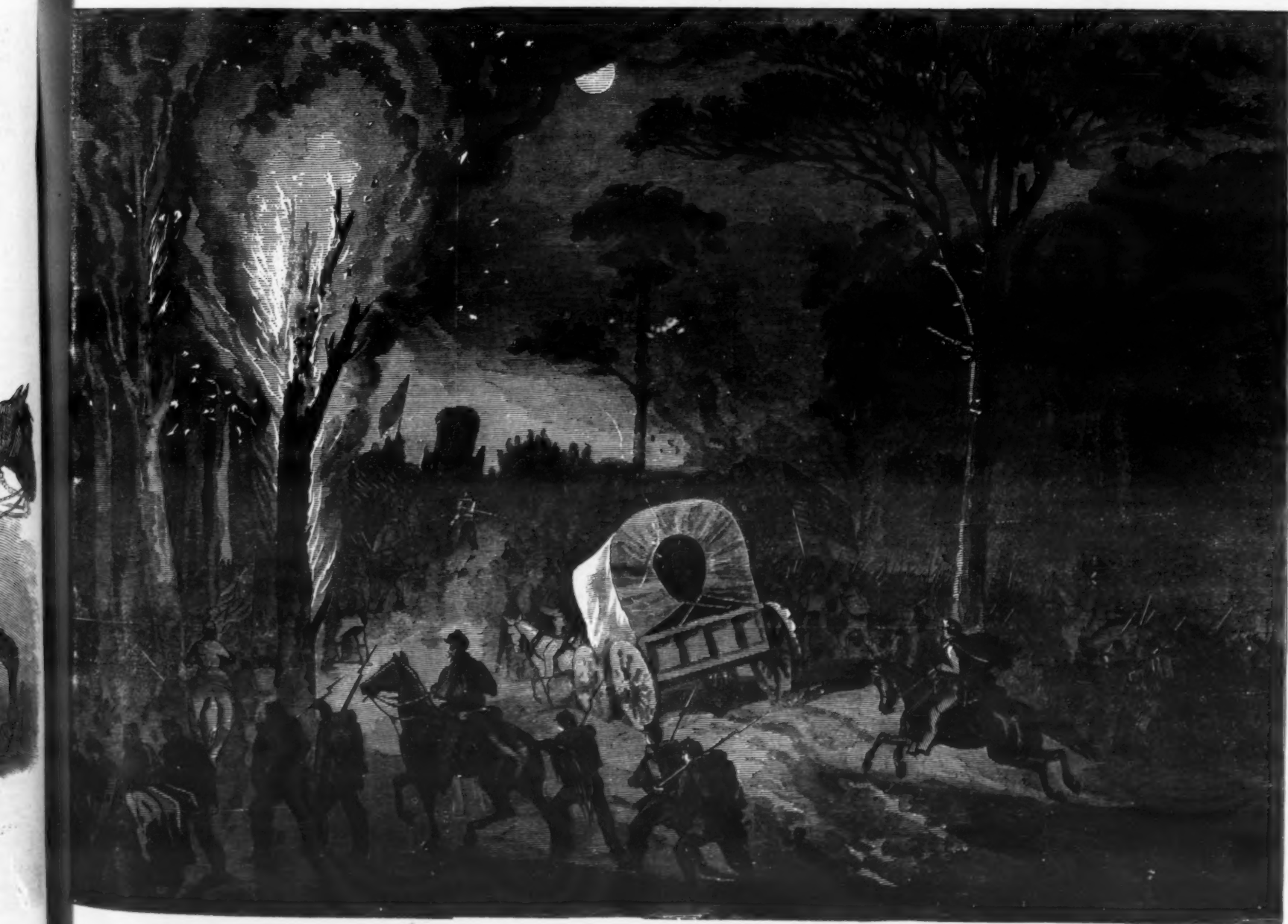


REBEL PRISONERS BROUGHT IN AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.





MARCH TO THE BATTLEFIELD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



GENERAL REYNOLDS ON THE MARCH TO THE BATTLEFIELD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



## IN MEMORIAM.

When the fiery hall of battle  
Laid our gallant colonel low,  
We shouted to the general,  
"You must lead us on the foe."

As he heads our charging column,  
Soon a bullet pierced his side,  
"Are you hurt, oh noble general?"  
"Not much," he said, and died.

Glorious chief and valiant soldier,  
Soul that conquered death's dark power,  
Thy early death hath snatched thee  
From this our darkest hour.

Yet many a patriot spirit,  
Mid the battle's stormy tide,  
Will be nerved to grander efforts  
When he thinks how Lyon died.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.—LAUNCELOT.

Mrs. DARRELL stood for some time clasped in her son's embrace, and sobbing violently. The two girls withdrew a few paces, too bewildered to know what to do, in the first shock of the surprise that had come so suddenly upon them.

This was Launcelot Darrell, then, the long absent son, whose portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the dining-room, whose memory was so tenderly cherished, every token of whose former presence was so carefully preserved.

"My boy, my boy!" murmured the widow, in a voice which seemed strange to the two girls, from its new accent of tenderness; "my own and only son, how is it that you come back to me thus? I thought you were in India. I thought—"

"I was in India, mother, when my last letter to you was written," the young man answered; "but you know how sick and tired I was of the odious climate, and the odious life I was compelled to lead. It grew unbearable at last, and I determined to throw everything up, and come home. So I sailed in the first vessel that left Calcutta after I had formed this determination. You're not sorry to see me back, are you, mother?"

"Sorry to see you, my boy—my boy!" Mrs. Darrell led her son across the lawn and into the house, through an open window. She seemed utterly unconscious of the presence of her two charges. She seemed to have forgotten their very existence in the wonderful surprise of her son's return. So Laura and Eleanor went up to Miss Mason's room and shut themselves in, to talk over the strange adventures of the evening, while the mother and son were closeted together in the breakfast-room below.

"Isn't it all romantic, Nelly, dear?" Miss Mason said, with enthusiasm. "I wonder whether he came all the way from India in that dreadful coat and that horrid shabby hat? He looks just like the hero of a novel, doesn't he, Nell? dark and pale, and tall and slender. Has he come back for good, do you think? I'm sure he ought to have Mr. De Crespigny's fortune."

Miss Vane shrugged her shoulders. She was not particularly interested in the handsome prodigal son who had made his appearance so unexpectedly, and she had enough to do to listen to all Laura's exclamations and sympathize with her curiosity.

"I shan't sleep a bit to-night, Nelly," Miss Mason said, as she parted with her friend. "I shall be dreaming of Launcelot Darrell, with his dark eyes and pale face. What a fierce, half-angry look he has, Nell, as if he were savage with the world for having treated him badly. For he must have been badly treated, you know. We know how clever he is. He ought to have been made a governor-general or an ambassador, or something of that kind, in India. He has no right to be shabby."

"I should think his shabbiness was his own fault, Laura," Miss Vane answered, quietly. "If he is clever, you know, he ought to be able to earn money."

She thought of Richard Thornton as she spoke, working at the Phoenix Theatre for the poor salary that helped to support the Bohemian comforts of the primitive shelter in the Pilasters, and Dick's paint and whitewashed bespattered coat seemed glorified by contrast with that of the young prodigal in the room below.

The two girls went down to the breakfast-room early the next morning, Laura Mason arrayed in her prettiest and brightest muslin morning dress, which was scarcely so bright as her beaming face. The young lady's gossamer white robes fluttered with the floating ribbons and delicate laces that adorned them. She was a coquette by nature, and was eager to take her revenge for all the monotonous days of enforced seclusion which she had endured.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting at the breakfast-table when the two girls entered the room. Her Bible lay open amongst the cups and saucers near her. Her face was pale, and looked even more careworn than usual, and her eyes were dimmed by the tears that she had shed. The heroism of the woman who had borne her son's absence silently and uncomplainingly had given way under the unlooked-for joy of his return.

She gave her hand to each of the girls as they wished her good morning. Eleanor almost shuddered as she felt the deadly coldness of that wasted hand.

"We will begin breakfast at once, my dears," said Mrs. Darrell, quietly; "my son is fatigued by a long journey and exhausted by the excitement of his return. He will not get up, therefore, until late in the day."

The widow poured out the tea, and for some little time there was silence at the breakfast-table. Neither Eleanor nor Laura liked to speak. They both waited, one patiently the other very impatiently, until Mrs. Darrell should please to tell them something of her son's extraordinary return.

It seemed as if the mistress of Hazlewood, usually so coldly dignified and self-possessed, felt some little embarrassment in speaking of the strange scene of the previous night.

"I need scarcely tell you, Laura," she said, rather abruptly, after a long pause, "that if anything could lessen my happiness in my son's return, it would be the manner of his coming back to his old home. He comes back to me poorer than when he went away. He came on foot from Southampton here; he came looking like a tramp and a beggar to his mother's house. But it would be hard if I blamed my poor boy for this. The sin lies at his uncle's door. Maurice de Crespigny should have known that Colonel Darrell's only son would never stoop to a life of commercial drudgery. My son's letters might have prepared me for what has happened. Their brevity, their bitter despondent tone, might have told the utter hopelessness of a commercial career for my son. He tells me that he left India because his position there, a position which held out no promise of improvement, had become unbearable to him. He comes back to me penniless, with the battle of life before him. You can scarce wonder, then, that my happiness in his return is not quite unalloyed."

"No, indeed, dear Mrs. Darrell, Laura answered, eagerly; "but still you must be very glad to have him back, and if he didn't make a fortune in India he can make one in England, I dare say, he is so handsome, and so clever, and—"

The young lady stopped suddenly, blushing under the cold scrutiny of Ellen Darrell's eyes. Perhaps in that moment a thought flashed across the mind of the widow—the thought of a wealthy marriage for her handsome son. She knew that Laura Mason was rich, for Mr. Monckton had told her that his ward would have all the advantages in after life which wealth could bestow, but she had no idea of the amount of the girl's fortune.

Launcelot Darrell slept late after his pedestrian journey, Miss Mason's piano was kept shut, out of consideration for the traveller, and Laura and Eleanor found the bright summer's morning unusually long in consequence. They had so few pursuits or amusements, that to be deprived of one seemed very cruel. They were sitting after their early dinner, in a shady nook in the shrubbery, Laura lying on the ground, reading a novel, and Eleanor engaged in some needlework achievement which was by-and-by to be presented to the signora; when the rustling leaves of the laurel screen that enclosed and sheltered their retreat were parted, and the handsome face, the face which had looked worn and haggard last night, but which now had only an aristocratic air of languor, presented itself before them in a frame of dark and shining foliage.

"Good morning or good afternoon, young ladies," said Mr. Darrell, "for I hear that your habits at Hazlewood are very primitive, and that you dine at three o'clock. I have been looking for you during the last half-hour, in my anxiety to apologise for any alarm I may have given you last night. When the landless heir returns to his home, he scarcely expects to find two angels waiting for him on the threshold. I might have been a little more careful of my toilet, had I been able to foresee my reception. What luggage I had I left at Southampton."

"Oh! never mind your dress, Mr. Darrell," Laura answered, gaily, "we are both so glad you have come home. Ain't we, Eleanor? for our lives are so dreadfully dull here, though your mamma is very kind to us. But do tell us all about your voyage home, and your journey here on foot, and all the troubles you have gone through? Do tell us your adventures, Mr. Darrell?"

The young lady lifted her bright blue eyes with a languishing glance of pity; but suddenly dropped them under the young man's glance. He looked from one to the other of the two girls, and then, strolling into the grassy little amphitheatre where they were sitting, flung himself into a rustic arm-chair, near the table at which Eleanor Vane sat at work.

Launcelot Darrell was a handsome likeness of his mother. The features which in her face were stern and hard, had in his an almost feminine softness. The dark eyes had a lazy light in them, and were half hidden by the listless droop of the black lashes that fringed their full white lids. The straight nose, low forehead and delicately moulded mouth were almost classical in their physical perfection; but there was a want in the lower part of the face; the chin receded a little where it should have projected, the handsome mouth was weak and undecided in expression.

Mr. Darrell might have sat as a painter's model for all the lovers in prose or poetry; but he would never have been mistaken for a hero or a statesman. He had all the attributes of grace and beauty, but not one of the outward signs of greatness. Eleanor Vane felt this want of power in the young man as she looked at him. Her rapid perception seized upon the one defect which massed so much perfection.

"If I had need of help against the murderer of my father," the girl thought, "I would not ask this man to aid me."

"And now, Mr. Darrell," said Laura, throwing down her book and settling herself for a flirtation with the prodigal son, "tell us all your adventures. We are dying to hear them."

Launcelot Darrell shrugged his shoulders.

"What adventures, my dear Miss Mason?"

"Why, your Indian experiences, of course, and your journey home. All your romantic escapades and thrilling perils, tiger-hunting, pig-sticking—that doesn't sound romantic, but I suppose it is—lonely nights in which you lost yourself in the jungle, horrible encounters with rattlesnakes, brilliant balls at Government House—you see I know all about Indian life—rides on the race-course, flirtations with Calcutta belles."

The young man laughed at Miss Mason's enthusiasm.

"You know more about the delights of an Indian existence than I do," he said, rather bitterly; "a poor devil who goes out to Calcutta with only one letter of introduction and an empty purse, and is sent up the country, within a few days of his arrival, to a lonely station, where his own face is about the only white one in the neighborhood, hasn't very much chance of becoming familiar with Government House festivities, or Calcutta belles, who reserve their smiles for the favored children of fortune, I can assure you. As to tiger-hunts and pig-sticking, my dear Miss Mason, I can give you very little information upon those points, for an indigo planter's overseer, whose nose is kept pretty close to the grindstone, has enough to do for his pitiful stipend, and very little chance of becoming a Gordon Cumming or a Jules Gerard."

Laura Mason looked very much disappointed.

"You didn't like India, then, Mr. Darrell?" she said.

"I hated it," the young man answered between his set teeth.

There was so much suppressed force in Launcelot Darrell's utterance of these three words that Eleanor looked up from her work, startled by the young man's sudden vehemence.

He was looking straight before him, his dark eyes fixed, his strongly marked eyebrows contracted, and a red spot burning in the centre of each pale and rather hollow cheek.

"But why did you hate India?" Laura asked, with unflinching pertinacity.

"Why does a man hate poverty and humiliation, Miss Mason? You might as well ask me that. Suppose we drop the subject. It isn't a very agreeable one to me, I assure you."

"But your voyage home," pursued Laura, quite unabashed by this rebuff; "you can tell us your adventures during the voyage home."

"I had no adventures. Men who travel by the overland route may have something to tell, perhaps; I came the cheapest and the slowest way."

"By a sailing vessel?"

"Yes."

"And what was the name of the vessel?"

"The Indus."

"The Indus, that's an easy name to remember. But of course you had all sorts of amusements on board; you played whist in the cuddy—what is the cuddy, by-the-by?—and you got up private theatricals, and you started an amateur newspaper or a magazine, and you crossed the line, and—"

"Oh, yes, we went through the usual routine. It was dreary enough. Pray tell me something about Hazlewood, Miss Mason; I am a great deal more interested in Berkshire than you can possibly be in my Indian experiences."

The young lady was fain to submit. She told Mr. Darrell such scraps and shreds of gossip as form the "news" in a place like Hazlewood. He listened very attentively to anything Miss Mason had to tell about his uncle, Maurice de Crespigny.

"So these tiger cats, my maiden aunts, are as watchful as ever," he said, when Laura had finished. "Heaven grant the harpies may be disappointed. Do any of the Vane family ever try to get at the old man?"

Eleanor looked up from her work, but very quietly; she had grown accustomed to hear her name spoken by those who had no suspicion of her identity.

"Oh, no, I believe not," Miss Mason answered; "old Mr. Vane died two or three years ago, you know."

"Yes, my mother wrote me word of his death."

"You were in India when it happened, then?"

"Yes."

Eleanor's face blanched, and her heart beat with a fierce heavy throbbing against her breast. How dared they talk of her dead father in that tone of almost insolent indifference? The one passion of her young life had as strong a power over her now as when she had knelt in the little chamber in the Rue l'Archevêque, with her clasped hands uplifted to the low ceiling, and a terrible oath upon her girl's lips.

She dropped her work suddenly, and rising from her rustic seat, walked away from the shade of the laurels.

"Eleanor," cried Laura Mason, "where are you going?"

Launcelot Darrell sat in a careless attitude, trifling with the reels of silk and balls of wool, and all the paraphernalia of fancy work scattered upon the table before him, but he lifted his head as Laura uttered her friend's name, and perhaps for the first time looked steadily at Miss Vane.

He sat looking at her for some minutes while she and Laura stood talking together a few paces from him. It was perhaps only a painter's habit of looking earnestly at a pretty face that gave intensity to his gaze. He dropped his eyelids presently, and drew a long breath, that sounded almost like a sigh of relief.

"An accidental likeness," he muttered; "there are a hundred such likenesses in the world."

He got up and walked back to the house, leaving the two girls together. Laura had a great deal to say about his handsome face, and the easy grace of his manner; but Eleanor Vane was absent and thoughtful. The mention of her father's name had brought back the past. Her peaceful life, and all its quiet contentment, melted away like a curtain of morning mist that rises to disclose the ghastly horror of a battlefield; and the dreadful

picture of the past arose before her, painfully vivid, horribly real. The parting on the boulevard; the long night of agony and suspense; the meeting with Richard on the bridge by the Morgue; her father's torn, disjointed letter; and her own vengeful wrath; all returned to her; every voice of her heart seemed to call her away from the commonplace tranquillity of her life to some desperate act of justice and retribution.

"What have I to do with this frivolous girl?" she thought; "what is it to me whether Launcelot Darrell's nose is Grecian or aquiline, whether his eyes are black or brown? What a wretched, useless life I am leading in this place, when I should be hunting through the world for the murderer of my father."

She sighed wearily as she remembered how powerless she was. What could she do to get one step nearer to the accomplishment of that one purpose, which she called the purpose of her life? Nothing! She remembered with a chill feeling of despair that however, in her moments of exaltation, she might look forward to some shadowy day of triumph and revenge, her better sense always told her that Richard Thornton had spoken the truth. The man whose treachery had destroyed George Vane had dropped into the chaos of an over-crowded universe, leaving no clue behind him by which he might be traced.

## CHAPTER XVI.—THE LAWYER'S SUSPICION.

MR. MONCKTON came to Hazlewood upon the day after Launcelot Darrell's arrival. The grave solicitor had known the young man before his departure for India, but there seemed no very great intimacy between them, and Mr. Darrell appeared rather to avoid any familiarity with his mother's rich friend.

He answered Gilbert Monckton's questions about India and indigo-planting with an air of unwillingness that was almost insolent.

"The last few years of my life have not been so very pleasant as to make me care to look back at them," he said, bitterly. "Some men keep a diary of the experiences of each day—I found the experiences dreary enough in themselves, and had no wish to incur the extra dreariness of writing about them. I told my uncle, when he forced a commercial career upon me, that he was making mistake, and the result has proved that I was right."

Mr. Darrell spoke with as much indifference as if he had been discussing the affairs of a stranger. He evidently thought that the mistakes of his life rested upon other people's shoulders; and that it was no shame to him, but rather to his credit as a fine gentleman, that he had come home penniless and shabby to sponge upon his mother's slender income.

"And now you have come back, what do you mean to do?" Mr. Monckton asked, rather abruptly.

"I shall go in for painting. I'll work hard, down in this quiet place, and get a picture ready for the Royal Academy next year. Will you sit for me, Miss Mason? and you, Miss Vincent? you would make a splendid Rosalind and Celia. Yes, Mr. Monckton, I shall try the sublime art whose professors have been the friends of princes."

"And if you fail—"

"If I fail, I'll change my name and turn itinerant portrait-painter. But I don't suppose my uncle Maurice means to live for ever. He must leave his money to somebody, and whatever will he may have made—and I daresay he's made half a dozen—the chances are that he'll tear the last of them up half an hour before his death, and die while he's thinking about the wording of another."

The young man spoke as carelessly as if the Woodlands fortune were scarcely worth a discussion. It was his habit to speak indifferently of all things, and it was rather difficult to penetrate his real sentiments, so skillfully were they hidden by this surface manner.

"You had a formidable rival once in your uncle's affections?" Mr. Monckton said presently.

"Which rival?"

"The Damsel of Maurice de Crespigny's youth, George Vandeleur Vane."

Launcelot Darrell's face darkened at the mention of the dead man's name. It had always been the habit of the De Crespigny family to look upon Eleanor's father as a subtle and designing foe, against whom no warfare could be too desperate.

"My uncle could never have been such a fool as to leave his money to that spendthrift," Mr. Darrell said.

Eleanor had been sitting at an open window bending over her work during this conversation, but she rose hastily as Launcelot spoke of her father. She was ready to do battle for him then and there, if need were. She was ready to fling off the disguise of her false name, and to avow herself as George Vane's daughter, if they dared to slander him. Whatever shame or humiliation was cast upon him should be shared by her.

But before she could give way to this sudden impulse, Gilbert Monckton spoke, and the angry girl waited to hear what he might say.

"I have every reason to believe that Maurice de Crespigny would have left his money to his old friend had Mr. Vane lived," the lawyer said. "I never shall forget your uncle's grief when he read the account of the old man's death in a Galignani, which was put purposely in his way by one of your aunts."

"Ah!" said Mr. Darrell, bitterly, "George Vane's death cleared the way for those harpies."

"Or for you, perhaps."

"Perhaps. I have not come home to wait for a dead man's shoes, Mr. Monckton."

Mrs. Darrell had been listening to this conversation with her watchful eyes fixed upon Gilbert Monckton's face. She spoke now for the first time.

"There is only one person who has a right to be



herit my uncle's fortune," she said, "and that person is my son."

She glanced at the young man as she spoke, and in that one kindling glance of maternal pride the widow revealed how much she loved her son.

The young man was leaning in a lounging attitude over the piano, turning the leaves of Laura's open music-book, and now and then striking his fingers on the notes.

Mr. Monckton took up his hat, shook hands with his ward and with Mrs. Darrell, and paused by the window at which Eleanor sat.

"How silent you have been this morning, Miss Vincent?" he said.

The girl blushed as she looked up at the lawyer's grave face. She always felt ashamed of her false name when Mr. Monckton addressed her by it.

"When are you and Laura coming to see my new picture?" he asked.

"Whenever Mrs. Darrell likes to bring us," Eleanor answered frankly.

"You hear, Mrs. Darrell?" said the lawyer; "these two young ladies are coming over to Toldale to see a genuine Raphael that I bought at Christie's a month ago. You will be taking your son to see his uncle, I have no doubt—suppose you come and lunch at the Priory on the day you go to Woodlands."

"That will be to-morrow," answered Mrs. Darrell. "My uncle cannot deny himself to Launcelet after an absence of nearly five years, and even my sisters can scarcely have the impertinence to shut the door in my son's face."

"Very well; Woodlands and the Priory lie close together. You can cross the park and get into Mr. de Crespigny's grounds by the wicket gate and so surprise the enemy. That will be the best plan."

"If you please, my dear Mr. Monckton," said the widow.

She was gratified at the idea of stealing a march upon her maiden sisters, for she knew how difficult it was to effect an entrance to the citadel so jealously guarded by them.

"Come, young ladies," exclaimed Mr. Monckton, as he crossed the threshold of the bay window, "will you honor me with your company to the gates?"

The two girls rose and went out on to the lawn with the lawyer. Laura Mason was accustomed to obey her guardian, and Eleanor was very well pleased to pay all possible respect to Gilbert Monckton. She looked up to him as something removed from the commonplace sphere in which she felt so fettered and helpless. She fancied sometimes that if she could have told him the story of her father's death, he might have helped her to find the old man's destroyer. She had that implicit confidence in his power which a young and inexperienced girl almost always feels for a man of superior intellect who is twenty years her senior.

Mr. Monckton and the two girls walked slowly across the grass, but Laura Mason was distracted by her dogs before she reached the gate, and ran away into one of the shrubberied pathways after the refractory Italian grayhound.

The lawyer stopped at the gate. He was silent for some moments, looking thoughtfully at Eleanor, as if he had something particular to say to her.

"Well, Miss Vincent, how do you like Mr. Launcelet Darrell?" he asked at last.

The question seemed rather insignificant after the pause that had preceded it.

Eleanor hesitated.

"I scarcely know whether I like or dislike him," she said; "he only came the night before last, and—"

"And my question is what we call a leading one. Never mind, you shall tell me what you think by-and-by, when you have had more time to form an opinion. You think the young man handsome, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, very handsome!"

"But you are not the girl to be fascinated by a handsome face. I can see that you mean that by the contemptuous curl of your lip. Quite true, no doubt, Miss Vincent; but there are some young ladies less strong-minded than yourself, who may be easily bewitched by the delicate outline of a classical profile, or the light of a pair of handsome dark eyes. Eleanor Vincent, do you remember what I said to you when I brought you down to Hazlewood?"

Mr. Monckton was in the habit of addressing both the girls by their Christian names when he spoke seriously.

"Yes, I remember perfectly."

"What I said to you then implied an amount of trust which I don't often put in an acquaintance of a couple of hours. That little girl yonder," added the lawyer, glancing towards the pathway in which Laura Mason flitted about, alternately coaxing and remonstrating with her dogs, "is tender-hearted and weak-headed. I think you would willingly do anything to serve her and me. You can do her no better service than by shielding her from the influence of Launcelet Darrell. Don't let my ward fall in love with the young man's handsome face, Miss Vincent."

Eleanor was silent, scarcely knowing how to reply to this strange appeal.

"You think I am taking alarm too soon, I dare say," the lawyer said, "but in our profession we learn to look a long way ahead. I don't like the young man, Miss Vincent. He is selfish, and shallow, and frivolous—false, I think, as well. And more than this, there is a secret in his life."

"A secret?"

"Yes; and that secret is connected with his Indian experiences."

(To be continued.)

WHISKEY is now tested by the distance a man can walk after tasting it. The new liquid called "Fangleig" is said to be made of diluted alcohol, wine, acid, pepper and tobacco, and will upset a man at a distance of 400 yards from the demijohn.

## THE DEAD.

THE dead are everywhere!

The mountain side, the plain, the woods profound,

All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—

Is one vast burial-ground.

Within the populous street,  
In solitary homes—in places high,  
In pleasure's domes, where pomp and luxury meet,

Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door—  
The unweaned child, murmuring in wordless song,  
The bondman and the free, the rich, the poor,

All—all to death belong.

The sunlight gilds the walls  
Of kingly sepulchres enwrought with brass;  
And the long shadow of the cypress falls  
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time  
Bullded their glorious cities by the sea,  
And awful in their greatness, sat sublime,  
As if no change could be.

There was the eloquent tongue;  
The poet's heart, the sage's soul, was there;  
The loving women with their children young,  
The faithful and the fair—

They were, but they are not;  
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom;  
Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,  
Went down into the tomb.

And still, amid the wrecks  
Of mighty generations passed away,  
Earth's honest growth, the fragrant wild-flower, decks  
The tomb of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,  
Go velled women forth, like her who went,  
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,  
To breathe in low lament.

The dead are everywhere:  
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith,  
Where'er is pomp, pleasure, pride—  
Where'er

Life is, or was, is death.

## MY FIRST DUEL.

### A GERMAN SKETCH.

WELL, I was going to fight a duel. Not that there was any necessity for me to fight, far from it, for I had quarreled with no one. No, I was going to fight with a man whom I had only seen once before, for the mere pleasure of fighting.

This will, I have no doubt, sound curious to American ears, but the facts of the case were as follows: I was at that time (some five or six years ago) studying at a German university, and was, of course, intimate with a considerable number of the students, whose countless duels I was very fond of witnessing. One day, as I was walking home with one of them, Muller by name, from the fighting ground, he suddenly said to me:

"I say, Gotham," (Gotham was my nickname among the students), "I say, Gotham, you ought to fight once, too; you will never get quite behind the scenes of German student life unless you do so."

"Well," said I, "I think that I should like to fight once, just to see what my sensations would be like. I wonder whether I should feel afraid or not?"

"Then you will do so?" he said.

"Yes, I think I will," I replied; "but I have no quarrel with anybody."

"Never mind about that," said he. "I will arrange everything for you, come to our Kneipe this evening, and afterwards we shall be sure to pick up a man for you in the Market Place."

I accordingly went to Muller's lodgings a little before eight that evening, and he conducted me to the room in which his corps used to hold their "Kneipe;" it was a large, handsome apartment in one of the principal restaurations, exclusively kept for the use of members of the corps. We there found about a dozen men already assembled, and nearly as many more dropped in by twos and threes shortly afterwards. We all supped together, and as soon as our meal was finished, the serious business of the evening, that is to say, the beer-drinking commenced. I am afraid to say how much Bavarian beer was disposed of—we all drank like fishes; the more we drank, the thirstier we seemed to get; in fact, no one who has not seen German students drink beer can form any adequate idea of the quantity they consume. Bavarian beer, is of course, not nearly so strong as the English beer, but is still a very agreeable drink, and tastes much like pale ale. About eleven o'clock Muller said to me:

"Come, let us go and take a turn in the street, we shall not be many minutes finding you a man."

We went out, and in the Market Place found a number of students belonging to various corps walking about, all of whom, as my companion informed me, were looking for opportunities to challenge some one, or force some one to challenge them.

"We shall very soon be suited," said he.

"Well," I said, "are you going to quarrel, too?"

"Yes," he answered carelessly. "I may as well do so now I am here. Ah! there is a man to whom I should like to say a few words."

We stopped opposite to the man whom Muller had pointed out, and to whom he said, after politely taking off his cap:

"I beg your pardon, but you look amazingly stupid."

The person thus addressed bowed in his turn, told Muller that he should hear from him, and was passing on, when Muller said:

"Now do not be in such a hurry, for I should like to introduce my friend here to one of your men."

He started, for he saw that I was an American, but answered:

"If you will wait here for two minutes, I will bring you several, and then you can take your choice."

He left us, and I said to Muller:

"Show me which man you think will do for me, for I do not know how they can fight, and then I suppose the right thing will be for me to call him a fool at once."

"No, no," he answered, "that is not necessary, the fellow will know perfectly well what you want; a simple introduction is sufficient. Ah! here they are."

He selected one of the new arrivals, to whom he introduced me as Mr. Jones, of New York.

We bowed to each other, and the ceremony of quarreling was complete, so Muller and I returned to the Kneipe. As soon as we entered we were assailed with a volley of questions as to where we had been and what we had been doing.

"Oh, nothing particular," answered Muller; "our American friend here wants to fight, and so I have been out with him to help him to select an opponent."

"What! do you intend to fight, American?" said the senior of the corps, as he shook me heartily by the hand; "that is right, old fellow. I am going to fight the day after to-morrow, so are several more of us, and your little affair can come off at the same time. Well done, Gotham, I look towards you."

And he poured about a pint and a quarter of beer down his capacious throat.

I likewise bowed, then refilled my pipe and sat down again with the rest to finish the remainder of the evening and what beer was left in the cask. For they said it would be a pity to let it stand till morning, as it might get flat.

We separated about midnight. I went home feeling like an incipient hero, and very naturally dreamt of nothing but carte and tierce all that night, and if only half the number of duels in which I imagined myself engaged had really come to pass, I might well have called myself the hero of a hundred fights. When I awoke the next morning I must confess that I did not feel quite comfortable; I had, when watching the students' duels, seen cheeks laid open, heads badly cut and noses slit, and now I was going to expose myself to the very same thing; perhaps I should return to New York with a scar right across my face, and then what would the governor say? I remained in a very uncomfortable state all that day, for although I was by no means a despicable opponent in the fencing-room, where no one can be hurt, yet I could not tell what my sensations might be when I found myself, without a helmet, facing an opponent armed with a sword a yard long and as sharp as a razor. However, I was in for it; there was no possible way of escape, so I concealed my fidgety state as well as I could, but still could not keep down unpleasant thoughts of gashed faces and the consequent sewing up with needles and red silk, which constantly came into my head. At supper, too, that evening, I came in for a good deal of chaff, not exactly calculated to inspire me with additional confidence; one man, while examining the bill of fare before ordering his supper, remarked:

"Hm, bifsteck—no, not to-day; an American is going to be slaughtered to-morrow, so we shall have real bifsteck then, shall we not, Gotham?"

Another drew my attention to some outlets on his plate and asked how many similar ones could be cut out of me, for he said he had just made a bet upon the subject; and on finding me unable to give him the requisite information, remarked:

"Well, never mind, we shall see to-morrow."

Frequent allusions were also made to mince-meat, sausages, &c., till the senior kindly put an end to the chaff by calling to me from the top of the table:

"Never mind what they say, Gotham; if you fight as well in earnest as you do in the fencing-room, none of those fellows who are chaffing you so could touch you; I know the man with whom you are going to fight; you are at least as good a swordsman as he; I will be your second myself, and if you only do as I tell you, all will be right."

After supper he left the room, to see our opponents and make the final arrangements with them; and during his absence I really could not help casting anxious glances towards the door, which was presently thrown open, and he reappeared.

"All right," he said; "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, at the usual place; the others will bring the doctor with them."

The doctor! who to-morrow would perhaps have to try to reunite, by means of needles and thread (or rather silk), the dismembered halves of my countenance. So said my fears and some of my friends; but I determined to banish all disagreeable thoughts, expressed myself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements and took a long draught of beer to conceal my—delight.

I rose the next morning about the usual time, after having passed a rather restless night, dressed myself in the darkest clothes I had, in order that the blood—if any were split—might show as little as possible upon them; and, after a hurried breakfast, proceeded to the Kneipe, from whence we were to drive to the scene of action. Arrived there, I found almost the whole of the corps assembled, endeavoring to pass away the time with the aid of pipes and beer.

"Hallo," I said, "are you fellows all going to cut lectures to-day?"

"Yes, old boy," they said, "to be sure we are; we are all coming out to see you fight."

"But," I replied, "as it is my first appearance

in public, I should like as few spectators as possible."

"Nonsense," was the answer; "you know that there are thirty or forty to look on at every fight, and there will be double that number to-day, for every one knows that you are going out, and we never saw an American fight before."

This I did not like at all; but I knew that nothing I could say would make them stay at home, so, as it was now barely ten and we were not to set off till half-past, I lighted a cigar, ordered some beer and tried to persuade myself that I felt perfectly comfortable. The conversation was of a violent and decidedly sanguinary nature, consisting almost entirely of reminiscences of duels in which one or both of the combatants had been punished with unusual severity, and the senior related to me, with great glee, how he had on one occasion cut his opponent's nose completely off.

The vehicle drove up punctually at half-past ten; as many of us as could find room got in, and in about twenty minutes we arrived at the ground, where we found the other party and the surgeon. The senior—a splendid swordsman—was the first to engage, and, after a very spirited and scientific combat of about ten minutes' duration, put his opponent *hors de combat* by cutting his left cheek quite through.

The surgeon immediately sewed up the gash and the wounded hero was taken home to amuse himself for the next three or four days with making iced applications to his cheek and living upon soup, being, of course, most strictly forbidden either to smoke or to touch any beer, which prohibition is about the severest punishment in the world for a German student.

As soon as he had left the spot, Muller came towards me and said, "Now then, old fellow, go and get bandaged, your turn comes next."

I therefore followed him to the room where the duellists were bandaged, stripped to the waist, and was immediately dressed in a coarse linen shirt; a glove made of double leather, with a quantity of thin steel chain between the two thicknesses, intended to protect the hand and wrist was put upon my right hand, and over that a sleeve about an inch in thickness, formed of innumerable layers of silk, was drawn upon my arm, reaching from the wrist quite up to the shoulder. Over this again a sort of rope, made of old silk stockings twisted, ran all along the outside of my arm, which was thus completely protected. A thick pad was then tied over the axillary artery, a long bandage wound round my throat, and a pair of "Paukhosen," things something like cricket-pads, but reaching nearly to the heart, strapped on. My toilet was now complete, the head and the upper part of the chest only being exposed.

My antagonist was ready about the same time, the usual formalities were gone through, and we faced each other.

With a passing thought of what the consternation of the "Governor" would be, could he but see me at this moment, I put myself into position; my adversary did the same; the seconds shouted "Los!" or "Go it!" and at it we went, hammer and tongs, with an energy worthy of a better cause. To my great surprise and gratification, my nervousness which I might have felt before had now entirely vanished; I felt as cool and collected as if I were only practising in the fencing-room, but at the same time there was an excitement I had never felt when using blunted weapons.

When we had been fighting for about five minutes, I suddenly felt a sharp slap on the cheek, and found that I had not completely parried a vicious horizontal cut in carte, and that the flat of my enemy's blade had struck me in the face, just drawing blood from the cheek. An appeal was of course made by the opposite second, and his claim of first blood was allowed.

We all paused for a few moments to recover breath and refresh ourselves with a glass of wine; during which pause my second whispered to me, "If he tries that cut again, and I feel sure that he will, return high tierce as quickly as possible." (This, by-the-by, is considered quite fair.)

I watched for this cut, which he soon did try again; as I had been told, I returned high tierce as quickly as I could; a large lock of my adversary's hair fell to the ground, and in a moment his face was covered with blood. I had given him a smart cut on the top of the head—a cut perhaps four inches in length, which was, however, not severe enough to prevent his continuing the fight, and so we fought on for some time, but without touching each other again, till the referee warned us that the time, which is limited to a quarter of an hour, was expired. We then shook hands, resumed our ordinary habiliments, and, after my opponent's wound had been sewn up by the doctor, left the ground on the best of terms.

Thus ended my first duel, but I found the excitement of fighting so very pleasant, that I said to myself, as we left the ground, "I'll fight again as often as I can." And I did. I joined the corps that evening, and in course of time became one of the seniors.

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## TAKING GOOD CARE OF A SOLDIER.

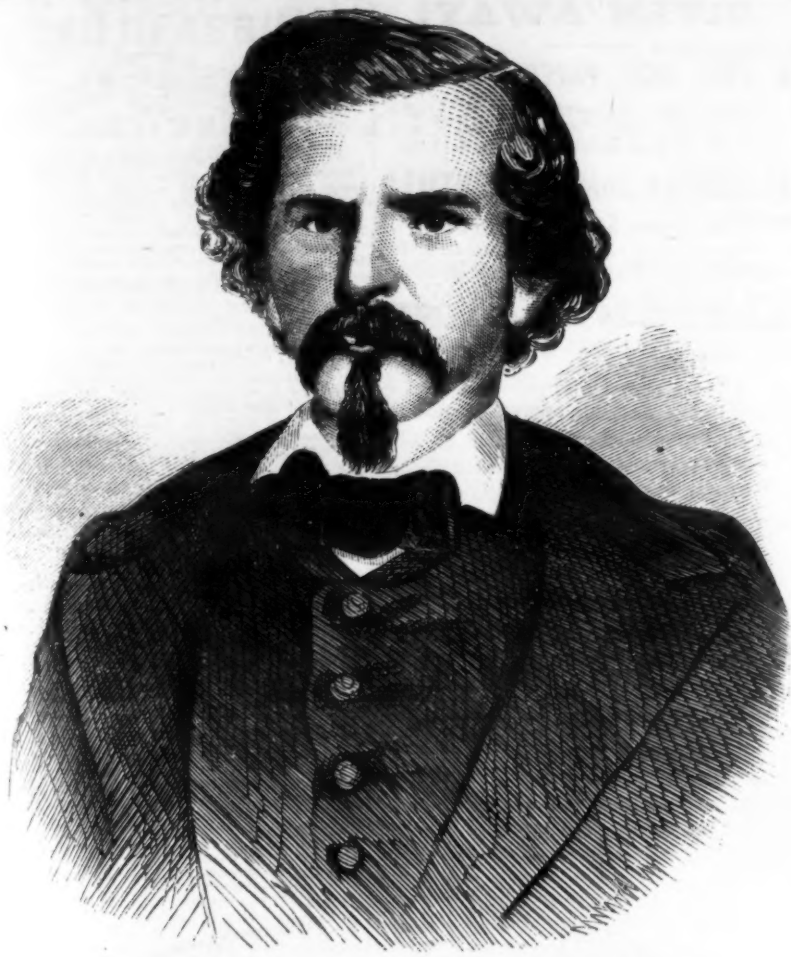
A WRITER in Charles Dickens's *All the Year Round* gives a very graphic picture of the care shown by French officers for their men. We make one extract—it is written by a young Englishman who was in the French service:

"The precautions taken to prevent our catching cold and to insure our comfort and health, I thought then, and think now, excessive. In the first place, if the weather were chilly, we were obliged to march in close order for warmth. As the day grew warmer, the ranks were opened so that we should not be incommoded by dust and perspiration. As soon as we began to perspire, delirious sergeants, captains and lieutenants trotted about our columns, shouting to men to button up their coats if they opened them, and diminishing the quickness of our steps as we approached the halt; and when we did arrive at the halt, we to the parched soldier who dare touch water until he received orders to do so. 'Eat bread! Eat a few mouthfuls of bread before you drink. Rinse your mouth well out before you swallow a mouthful of water. Sit on your packs and not on the ground. You, sir, two days' saddle police for lying down in the shade. Do you think we can drag fever and rheumatism about with us? Up with you! And you there, exposing your chest to the cold air, you'll be writhing like a corkscrew presently.' When we arrived at our destination, the bustle and hurry soured was greater. First duties over and the soup eaten, the officers seemed possessed; they stormed and shouted at the sight of a particle of dust or mud on a shoe; they caused trousers to be turned up to see that there were no damp feet; doctors flew about inquiring after sore heels; captains growled in the faces, and threatened prisoners, dungeons and even shooting and cutting into a million of little pieces, in their anxiety to see everything orderly and comfortable. Before sunset, when it was a bivouac village, the regiment was as quiet as a church. Next morning everybody awoke refreshed and ready for another march than otherwise."









THE LATE REBEL GENERAL EARL VAN DORN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

## EARL VAN DORN. I

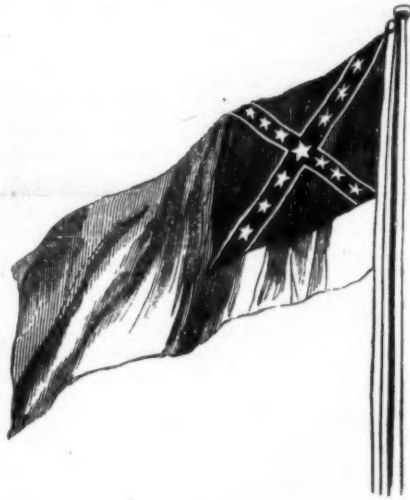
GEN. EARL VAN DORN, whose life has terminated by so dishonorable a death, was born in Mississippi about 1823, and before the outbreak of the rebellion had a record more brilliant than most of his fellow officers in the United States army. He graduated at West Point in 1842, brevet second lieutenant 9th infantry, became second lieutenant Nov. 30, 1844, first lieutenant March 3, 1847. During the Mexican war he distinguished himself greatly, and was made brevet-captain for gallantry at Cerro Gordo, brevet-major for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco; was wounded on entering Mexico, Sept. 13, 1847. After the war he was aide-de-camp to Gen. P. F. Smith, treasurer of the military asylum at Pascagoula, Miss., and in March 1855 was made captain 2d cavalry. On Oct. 1, 1858, and May 13, 1859, he defeated the Camanches in two desperate engagements, which made his name known throughout the whole country. But while he thus won esteem, he forfeited it by joining the rebellion, and taking a leading part in the knavery and fraud by which the United States troops in Texas were entrapped. The insurgent government rewarded him with the rank of brigadier-general, and he rose to the post of major-general. He took command of the trans-Mississippi district, Jan. 29, 1862, fought the battle of Pea Ridge on March 6th and 8th, but having failed to give satisfaction was superseded. On the 3d and 4th of October he attacked Rosecrans at Corinth, but subsequently figured in no important movement. He fell May 7th by the hands of Dr. Peters, whose domestic happiness he had wrecked.

## MAJOR-GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK, U. S. V.

THIS gallant officer, whose victorious assault on the heights of Fredericksburg and successful retreat in the face of overwhelming numbers give so high an idea of his military capacity, is a native of Connecticut, and a colonel of cavalry in the regular army. He is a graduate of the United States Military Academy of the date of 1837, and was first assigned to the artillery. He fought at Contreras and Churubusco as 1st lieutenant, and won a brevet of captain. For his conduct at Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and the Gaita de San Cosme, he was breveted major. In 1849 he reached the rank of captain of artil-



GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK, THE HERO OF MARTE'S HEIGHTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



THE NEW FLAG OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

lery, and in March, 1855, became major of the 1st cavalry. When the civil war broke out, he was, on the 25th of April, 1861, made colonel of the 4th cavalry, and on the 31st of August brigadier-general of volunteers. During the peninsula campaign he was in Sumner's corps, and at the battle of Fair Oaks with his division changed the fortunes of the day. He was made a major-general July 1, 1862, and was severely wounded at Antietam in September, but on his recovery took command of the 9th army corps, and has added new lustre to his name by his able conduct at Fredericksburg.

## TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA.

TUSCUMBIA, a thriving post village of Franklin county, Ala., is situated one mile south from the Tennessee river, and 52 miles south-east from Corinth, and is nearly equidistant between Huntsville and Corinth. Steamboats from the Ohio river can ascend to this place in the higher stages of water. Two newspapers are published here. A railroad about 45 miles long extends eastward to Decatur, and forms part of the route of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, which is here intersected by the Orleans and Nashville railroad. The latter road is not, we believe, as yet completed. Franklin county has an area of 1,260 square miles. It is intersected by Bear and Cedar creeks, and the Tennessee river forms its entire northern boundary. The surface is hilly; the soil is generally fertile and extensively cultivated. Population in 1860, 18,628, of whom 8,495 were slaves.

## THE NEW REBEL FLAG.

We give in the present number an engraving of the new rebel flag, described in our last. The Confederates have hauled down the Stars and Bars, a sorry imitation of the glorious Stars and Stripes, and have adopted a new flag, mainly, it would seem, on the suggestion of Gen. Beauregard, who advised putting his battle flag on a white ground. His battle flags were blessed with much ceremony on one occasion, while at Manassas, and distributed to the troops, by whom they have since been used, except those which grace the Northern halls as trophies. The new flag adheres to the old colors and to stars but we think they could improve it by leaving out the Union.



TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA, ONE OF THE SCENES OF COL. GRISON'S EXPLOITS.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.



## MURDER WILL OUT; OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE celebrated English actor, Garrick, made a trip to Paris in 1787, when he was in the height of his powers and fame. He travelled for amusement, a mere tourist, anxious to visit a beautiful country which he might claim as his own. The family of the English actor was of French extraction; they fled from the country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

In the mail coach which bore them from London to Dover, Garrick found for a fellow-traveller Sir George Lewis, a gentleman he had met several times before in company and had known for a constant frequenter of Drury Lane Theatre. They took advantage of this casual encounter to improve their acquaintance; each was delighted with the other. After crossing the Channel together they came to Paris in the same vehicle, but when they reached the capital they separated. The actor went to the house of the friends who were expecting him, and Sir George took up his lodgings in one of those splendid furnished houses of the Quartier de la Chaussée d'Antin, which then began to be a very fashionable quarter of the town. The two travelling companions had promised to see a good deal of each other during their stay in Paris, but the very different life each of them led rendered it impossible for them to execute their resolutions. Sir George Lewis was a man between 45 and 50 years old, with a very singular face, whose irregular and prominent features made his physiognomy most eccentric and expressive. During the whole journey Garrick had admired that countenance, thinking what an effect it could produce on the stage. Despite his age, which should have cooled the ardor of his character, and should have engaged him to abandon the follies of youth, Sir George Lewis lived in the midst of dissipation and pleasure. He had come to Paris to amuse himself by gaily spending a large legacy unexpectedly bequeathed to him. He was passionately fond of gaming, and the satisfaction of his passion led him into a very mixed company, as indeed are all companies where gambling is indulged, since these men are valued by the sum of money they are able or willing to stake on the cards, a test which allows many sharpers to slip in. The actor lived in a very different sort of society, and during the four months of their stay in Paris the two travelling companions scarcely met above two or three times. Just as he was about leaving Paris, Garrick called upon Sir George Lewis to bid him good-bye, and inquired if he had any commands for London. To his horror he found that the unhappy gentleman had been assassinated the previous evening. His body had been found that very morning in the forest of Bondy, covered with wounds, and lying bathed in blood. Deeply touched, Garrick exerted himself to ascertain as much as possible the details of the deplorable event. He found that Sir George Lewis had been one of a party of pleasure to visit a chateau in the environs of Bondy, where a large company of sportsmen and gamblers were assembled. He intended to remain there a few days. The first evening of his visit he won a large sum of money at the gaming table.

In the afternoon of the second day he received a note from Paris engaging him to a gallant rendezvous, and immediately on receipt of it he bade adieu to the company. They tried to detain him, less out of politeness, perhaps, than a desire of winning back the money he had taken from them, and this desire was so vehement as to carry them to the resolution of dismounting his carriage. But Sir George Lewis was a man of will, and he determined to return to Paris on horseback. He leaped on his horse and galloped away. Further than this Garrick could learn nothing. The police were inclined to believe the catastrophe one of the usual adventures then frequent in the forest of Bondy; but Garrick pointed out to them that Sir George Lewis's pistols were found loaded in his holsters, and that, while his purse had been taken from him, his gold watch, gold snuff-box and diamond ring were untouched, from whence he concluded, firstly, that Sir George Lewis had not been attacked by a bandit, but by some acquaintance, who perfidiously took him off his guard; and secondly, that the personal property lay untouched merely because the robber was afraid of compromising himself. Therefore the assassin was an acquaintance of Sir George Lewis, and moved in the social circle to which the late knight belonged.

The society assembled at the chateau was then secretly scanned by Garrick and the police, and suspicion alighted on an Italian called the Chevalier Gaetan. This Italian was proved to have left the chateau shortly after Sir George Lewis, and, despite his explanations, he was arrested. But no direct evidence could be brought against him, and the noble proprietor of the chateau, who was naturally anxious that no such cloud as crime should rest on his "friends," used every exertion to procure the liberation of the Italian. At this moment Garrick intervened. He begged the police to allow him to make an examination, which he declared was decisive. Garrick, as everybody knows, was famous for his play of feature; he could assume whatever countenance he pleased. The police fetched the Italian from the jail, and took him, well escorted, to Sir George Lewis's rooms. Uneasy and perplexed at this move (for he had been a visitor at Sir George Lewis's house), he questioned the police agents what they were going to do with him. No reply was made to his inquiries until they reached the deceased's house, when the Chief of Police said:

"Sir George Lewis is not dead. He accuses you of attempting to assassinate him. I am going to confront you both."

The Italian trembled, he could scarcely speak, his confidence as forsook him. He was carried into the room where Garrick stood. The great actor represented Sir George Lewis to the life; he had his face, feature, expression, gesture, and it was in the very tone of the deceased knight that Garrick exclaimed:

"You wretch! You assassin! Do you deny your crime before me?"

The Italian was thunderstruck, and falling upon his knees, confessed his crime and prayed for mercy. He was hung.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE Providence Journal tells the following story: As the midway Wooster train was about leaving the depot, a man of the Johnsonian type of manners entered one of the cars, and gruffly requested that two young ladies occupying separate seats should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a tête-à-tête on the other seat.

"But," said one of the damsels, blushing, "this seat is engaged."

"Engaged, is it?" brusquely responded the man, "who engaged it?"

"A young man," said the conscious maiden.

"A young man, eh! where's his baggage?" persisted Ursa Major.

"I'm his baggage, Old Hatful," replied the demure damsel, pursing her rosy lips into the prettiest pout. Old Hatful subsided; the young man came in and extended an arm protectingly, almost carelessly, around his "baggage," and Mr. Conductor Capron started the train.

A CREDULOUS clown went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him, with great symptoms of consternation, that he had seen a ghost.

"Where did you see it?" was the question.

"Why," said Digory, "as I were going, and please your reverence, by the church, right up against the wall, I seen the ghost."

"In what shape did it appear?"

"For all the world like a great donkey."

"Go home, and hold your tongue," said the clergyman, "for you are a timid creature, and have only been frightened by your own shadow."

You know a gentleman by his gait—and a blackguard by his Billingsgate.

THE Rev. John Booth, B. A. of Cambridge, has recently published an entertaining volume of satirical scraps: "Epigrams, Ancient and Modern." Here, for instance, is a good specimen of the amiable poem, or question and answer, in a dialogue between a traveller and a clergyman:

"C. I've lost my portmanteau.  
T. I pity your grief.  
C. All my sermons are in it.  
T. I pity the thief."

THE fair sex and their fashion of costly skirts is satirized in this clever adaptation of the old nursery rhyme:

"A way to dress  
In the mode, I guess,  
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,  
And poor Mr. Spratt  
Must cry 'No fat.'  
And his wife will 'cri-no-line.'"

THE next, inspired by Thomas Moore, is neat, and to the point:

"When Limerick once in idle whim  
Moore, as her member, gaily courted,  
The boys, for fun's sake asked of him  
To state what party he supported;  
When thus to them the answer ran:  
'I'm of no party as a man,  
But as a poet am-a-tory.'"

THE Bard of Erin's verse comes in for a slap in this fashion:

"Lalla-Rookh  
Is a naughty book  
By Tommy Moore,  
Who has written four;  
Each warmer  
Than the former,  
So the most recent  
Is the least decent."

"I HAVE just met your old acquaintance Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

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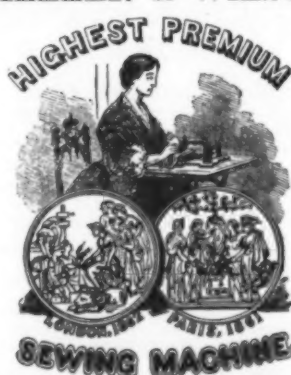
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